

The Outlook

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THE Tariff Bill passed the Senate by a majority almost as great as that it had in the House. The vote stood 38 to 28, with sixteen Senators paired. Seven Senators—four Populists and three Silver Republicans—declined to vote. Senator Teller expressed the general attitude of these Silver Republicans when he stated, in a short speech, that he was still a protectionist and would willingly have voted for a moderate bill, but, as he believed the present tariff bill to be the most excessive in its rates and the most favorable to monopolies of any ever passed, he could not support it. Senator Butler, of North Carolina, expressed the general attitude of the Populists when he said that he opposed the bill, but regarded the tariff issue as the football of profitless political wrangles, and therefore wished this issue ignored until others more important were settled. Two Populists—Harris, of Kansas, and Turner, of Washington—and one Silver Republican—Cannon, of Utah—voted against the bill. Two Silver Republicans—Jones, of Nevada, and Mantle, of Montana—voted in its favor. The bill was also supported by one Democrat—Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, the old leader of the pro-lottery forces in that State. The measure as it passed the Senate, according to the estimates presented by Senators Vest and White (both Democrats), carries with it an average duty of 54 per cent. on dutiable imports. This rate is 3 per cent. less than was proposed by the House bill, 14 per cent. greater than was imposed by the Wilson Bill, and 4 per cent. greater than was imposed by the McKinley Bill. As the present bill puts a tax of two cents a pound on sugar, which was on the free

list under the McKinley Bill, it is evident that Federal taxes will be much heavier under the new law than they were five years ago. To the average family—a family with about \$800 a year income—the sugar tax alone means a burden of \$5 a year. What the revenue under the new bill will be there are no means of determining accurately, but the estimates prepared by Mr. Ford, the statistician of the Treasury Department, indicate that the Government's income this year will barely cover current expenses. When, however, the importations made in anticipation of higher duties are consumed, a large surplus is anticipated by every one. Whether this surplus shall be used to retire the greenbacks or pay off bonds bids fair to be a burning question.



In order that the Government instead of the Sugar Trust may receive the revenue from the advance in the price of sugar certain to follow the enactment of the new law, Secretary Gage submitted to the Senate Committee a most public-spirited amendment. It is that a tax of one cent a pound be levied upon all refined sugar hereafter produced from raw sugar imported prior to the passage of the bill. These raw sugars, says Secretary Gage in a letter to Senator Allison, have been taxed but $\frac{8.5}{100}$ of a cent a pound. An additional tax of one cent a pound would leave the tax upon them less than the new bill proposes upon future importations (1.95 cents a pound). The proposed tax, therefore, involves no injustice to the sugar-refiners. If it is not adopted, however, the new tariff will give to the sugar-refiners an extra profit of one cent a pound upon all sugar imported in anticipation of its enactment:

The stock of raw sugars in the hands of refiners usually does not exceed 100,000 tons. The

possession of 600,000 tons of raw sugar on which an average duty of not more than 85 cents per 100 pounds has been assessed gives the refiners a promise of a profit of over one cent per pound when the sugar is refined and put upon the market; which means a profit of \$12,000,000 to \$16,000,000 or more on account of the tariff legislation.

It seems to be a simple business proposition, in view of the possible deficiency in the revenue, to make this enormous quantity of raw sugar pay its fair share of taxation; and it is estimated that the proposed amendment, if adopted, will yield, within the next six or eight months, \$14,000,000 to \$16,000,000 of revenue.

By the Senate Committee this patriotic proposition was passed over, upon the plea that it was received too late. Now that the Tariff Bill is before the Conference Committee, however, the House conferees at least ought to insist that this proposition be incorporated. It contains the most practicable portion of the original proposition of the House, that all goods imported after April 1 should be subject, under certain conditions, to the new rates of duty. It is true of most goods that it would have been extremely difficult to follow them, but an internal revenue tax upon the refining of sugar would occasion but little more difficulty than the internal revenue tax upon the distilling of liquor. The political economy of Secretary Gage's position cannot be questioned. When the McKinley Bill abolished the former tariff on sugar, the price of sugar dropped by the amount of the tax. When the new bill raises the tariff on sugar, the price of sugar is likely to rise by the amount of the tax. Even if Secretary Gage's proposition is accepted, the Sugar Trust is certain to realize a large profit upon the refined sugar it has in stock; and if the new bill gives it a further profit of \$12,000,000 upon the raw sugar it has laid in, the Republican party will be arraigned by its friends as well as its enemies.



Last week the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations discussed Hawaiian annexation, but no action was taken. The State Department has meanwhile published the protest of Japan and the correspondence of Mr. Toru Hoshi, the Japanese Minister, with Secretary Sherman. The first document bears the date of May 15; in it Mr. Hoshi calls Mr. Sherman's attention to a rumor that the Governments of the United States and Japan were about to conclude an annex-

ation treaty. Japan could not view without concern the prospect of a sudden and complete change in the status of Hawaii, whereby the rights of the Japanese might be endangered. Mr. Hoshi therefore inquired what provision had been made for the preservation of Japanese treaty rights. The following day Secretary Sherman replied that a treaty of annexation had been signed, and that the United States Government did not assume any obligations of the Hawaiian Government arising from treaties made by it with other Governments. It was believed, however, that there was nothing in the proposed treaty prejudicial to the rights of Japan, and that certainly the United States had no disposition to disturb the friendly relations which had long existed between Japan and this country. In three days thereafter Mr. Hoshi laid before Secretary Sherman a formal protest, basing it upon three grounds: First, that the maintenance of the *status quo* is essential to the good understanding of the Pacific powers; second, that Hawaiian annexation would imperil the residential, commercial, and industrial rights of Japanese subjects in Hawaii, rights secured to them by treaty and by the laws of that country; third, that such annexation might lead to postponement in settling the claims and liabilities already existing in favor of Japan under treaty stipulations. The first ground need not be taken seriously, but the second and third should be.



About seven hundred delegates assembled last week at the "middle-of-the-road" or anti-fusion Populist Convention. The Southern States were strongly represented, the Northern States weakly. The reason of this, of course, is that in the Northern States the great body of the Populists are glad to fuse with the Democrats against the conservatism of the Republicans. In the South, however, the Democrats are the conservatives, and for years they bitterly antagonized the Populists in many districts because of the latter's advocacy of the principles now accepted by nearly all loyal Democrats. This antagonism often manifested itself, not only in violent campaign oratory and election trickery, but also in social ostracism. Very naturally, therefore, it is difficult for many Southern

Populists to fuse with their old foes. The chief object of the Nashville Convention was to take formal action against further fusion. The silver issue was declared to be too narrow a one for a great party to stand upon. The leadership of ex-Congressman Watson dominated the Convention, and was especially manifest in the plank adopted demanding that all public revenue be raised by direct taxation. It used to be said that Southern Populists sympathized with the Republicans on the tariff question, but this plank would indicate that they believe in the same freedom of trade between nations as between States. In Iowa and Ohio Gold Democratic Conventions were held last week. In Iowa a full State ticket was put in the field, and in Ohio a similar course was determined upon. The Iowa Convention was said to contain most of the old political managers of the Democratic party. The ticket placed in the field contained a former Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, a former candidate for Governor, and former State officials for Railroad Commissioner and Superintendent of Public Instruction. The platform adopted declared against the free coinage of silver, but not in favor of the gold standard or the retirement of the greenbacks. On State issues it ignored the railroad and taxation issues raised by the regular Democratic platform, but revived the liquor issue, which the regular Democrats had ignored. The Gold Democrats, of course, demanded a license policy.

Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, who died at Nashville on Thursday of last week, at the age of seventy-nine, had been nearly twenty years a member of the United States Senate, and the term for which he was last elected had still four years to run. Senator Harris was a self-made man, as the phrase goes; that is, he had few advantages in boyhood; gained his education by his own efforts, working for the cost; studied law at night and at odd times; after admission to the bar he slowly worked his way to a professional standing above the average, and naturally drifted into politics. He was three times chosen Governor of Tennessee and was twice sent to Congress before the war. He served with credit in the Confederate

army, and at the close of the war for some years proclaimed himself an irreconcilable, and lived in Mexico and England. Before long, however, he recognized the force of events, and after two or three years returned to his native State. Senator Harris had a picturesque and striking personality; he was at times irascible and dictatorial, and his oratory was noted for vigor rather than polish. His long experience in legislative routine made him a recognized authority on questions of procedure. In local and National politics he was always active; his last important public appearance was as Chairman of the National Democratic Convention of 1896, to which office he was elected as the free-coinage candidate.



Before the close of last week work had been suspended in nearly every bituminous coal mine in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Even the mines operated wholly by non-union men had been compelled to shut down—promises of full-time work and good wages being insufficient to keep the non-union miners from joining their fellow-workmen in the great struggle. In western Pennsylvania some of the mines—including Senator Hanna's—have been operated under a contract by which one-tenth of the men's wages were held back to be forfeited in case of a strike. But in one at least of Senator Hanna's mines the superintendent on Friday told the miners that he did not desire them to keep at work, as the company was willing to pay fair wages, and these could be re-established only by a successful general strike. The Democratic candidate for Governor in Ohio is also a coal operator and in sympathy with the strike. Such sympathy on the part of operators is not confined to candidates for public office. A large proportion of the operators are willing to pay the old scale, or at least a compromise scale, provided all their competitors do the same. The most astonishing feature of the strike last week was the shutting down of numerous manufactories in Cleveland and other places because of the want of coal. Though the officials of the Miners' Union had for some months been authorized to order the strike, few companies seem to have had any considerable stock in

hand. Some of the railroads in Ohio last week availed themselves of the law authorizing them to confiscate cars of coal for their own use, paying the owners for the coal instead of delivering it to them. The scarcity of coal, together with the universality of the strike north of the Ohio, has made the miners confident of success provided the West Virginia mines can also be shut down. These mines are almost exclusively operated by non-union miners, but emissaries from the union have been working hard among them, and the strike feeling is not unlikely to carry everything before it.



Last week's business world was variously affected by several notable events. One was the passage of the Tariff Bill by the United States Senate. Wall Street did not take a particularly roseate view of the trust-made measure, judging from the quotations which ruled the day following. Another event which had a beneficial influence was the announcement that President McKinley was about to send a message to Congress urging the appointment of a commission to deal with the currency question. A third event—this time a depressing one—was the strike in five States of the miners of bituminous coal. A circumstance of an encouraging nature is the continued advance of even the most cautious estimates of our wheat crop. The "Orange Judd Farmer's" estimate is 575,000,000 bushels, one hundred million more than last year. The world's stock of wheat is estimated at only seventy-five million bushels, a much smaller total than is usual at this time of the year. Interesting statistics are at hand in the railway world. Gross earnings for the half-year have been disappointing, the aggregate being about one-third of one per cent. below the first six months of 1896. A more cheering indication is found in the resumption of dividends by some reorganized companies. Last week saw the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern's plan for debt-refunding. To take up the outstanding issues of bonds, the creation of a new ninety-year mortgage for \$165,000,000 is authorized. The June report of municipal bond sales is at hand. With two exceptions, the month's sales were the largest on record.

An important factor in the municipal campaign in this city is the new tax-rate—\$2.05 on the \$100. This is a slight reduction of the rate last year (\$2.14), but this reduction was obtained only by an increase of \$62,000,000 in the assessed value of property (\$2,169,000,000). Although \$35,000,000 worth of new buildings were constructed last year, it is not believed that the rental value of New York real estate has increased at all. The assessment, therefore, is indisputably higher, and the Tammany campaign will again be directed against the "extravagance" of the "reformers." The reformers are bound to meet this issue, not by denying the increase in expenditures, but by pointing out that Tammany's economy was disgraceful to the public spirit of the city. For New York under Tammany to have no high schools was without doubt economical, but it was none the less a just reproach to the city. Some Western cities one-twentieth the size of New York have two or three high schools and graduate classes of nearly one hundred and fifty every year. For New York under Tammany rule to have dirty streets in all the poorer quarters of the city was without doubt economical; but it meant offensive surroundings and a high death-rate for the great body of the people. Tammany's appeal to the cupidity of taxpayers must be met by the reformers' appeal to their public spirit. Even the present tax-rate in New York is much lower than that of any progressive American city. Real estate in New York is assessed, as a rule, at barely 50 per cent. of its actual value, and personal property is permitted to escape in a degree not tolerated in New England or the West. A tax-rate of \$2.05 in New York is less than a tax-rate of \$1 would be in Boston, where realty is assessed at approximately its selling value and personalty located within the State is generally reached by either the State or the local assessors. The citizens of New York must be educated to recognize the fact that good government and cheap government are very different things, and that the worst government is the one most ready to barter away the health, comfort, and culture of its citizens. New York can well afford to pay a fair price for comfort, safety, and cleanliness.

The National Educational Association, which convened last week in Milwaukee, Wis., is a representative body; a larger number of teachers attended than has been present at any previous meeting of this body. The President of the Association, Mr. Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York, made an impressive and convincing address on "The Best Education for the Masses." Mr. Skinner opened his address with this interesting statement:

The United States, to-day the youngest of all, is the only great nation of the world which expends more for education than for war. France spends annually \$4 per capita on her army and 70 cents per capita on education; England, \$3.72 for her army and 62 cents for education; Prussia, \$2.04 for her army and 50 cents for education; Italy, \$1.52 for her army and 36 cents for education; Austria, \$1.36 for her army and 62 cents for education; Russia, \$2.04 for her army and 3 cents for education; the United States, 39 cents for her army and \$1.35 for education. England 6 to 1 for war! Russia 17 to 1 for war! the United States 4 to 1 for education! The United States spends more per capita annually for education than England, France, and Russia combined.

The speaker urged the necessity of adapting the whole scheme of education to the requirements of that portion of the people of the Nation who must be educated at public expense if at all. Only one per cent. of the population ever enter college. The discussions have been practical, and have dealt largely with the social development of the child, and the question, How shall he be trained to be a good citizen, a contributing member of society? Child-study, the education of the deaf, the training of the voice, the culture of the æsthetic sense, the training of the body, the culture of the whole child, were among the subjects of special presentation and discussion. The report of the Committee of Twelve on Rural Schools attracted special attention; we shall comment on it next week. The trend of thought was to broaden the conception of what constitutes education.



The city of Brooklyn, in this the last year of her existence as an independent municipality, has made a long stride in advance in the policy governing her schools. With the opening of the schools in September

twelve kindergartens will be established by the Board of Education. A new high-school building is to be opened in the Eastern District, and several new school buildings will be opened in the Borough of Brooklyn. The charter preserves the autonomy of this Board, which retains its local committee system—a doubtful good, in spite of the high character generally of the present members of the Board of Education. Brooklyn has to contend with many of the problems found in New York—overcrowded schools, inadequate buildings, and a rapidly increasing foreign population, which greatly increases the difficulties of teaching in the primary schools, where hundreds of children are found who come from non-English-speaking homes and must acquire an unknown tongue and keep up with the grade at the same time. The progressive Superintendent of Public Instruction, Dr. William H. Maxwell, has, by the confidence he commands because of his eminent ability, been able to make constant progress in the work of the schools under his care. The Manual Training High School of Brooklyn is one of the noted public schools of the country.



The annual report of the Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota, Mr. C. C. Andrews, is a document of value to all interested in forestry. As Mr. Andrews says, when people understand the benefits to be derived from a rational management of our forests and forest lands, then, and not till then, will there be a public sentiment that will make the Fire Warden Law as effective as it should be. The attempt which Minnesota is making to prevent forest and prairie fires is indeed a commendable one. A resolution at this year's meeting of the American Forestry Association declared that, as a fundamental proposition, the well-organized effort in Minnesota should be upheld, as no advance can be made in forest management without such protection. However, Minnesota seems to be hampered by a Legislature bad enough to come near abolishing the forest fire law. Commenting on this danger, Mr. Fernow, the Chief of the Forestry Division in the Department of Agriculture, justly says that any disposition to annul the law, or the need of any argument to defend pro-

tection against fire losses, only proves the fact that we have not reached a high state of civilization. Surely, as the "Northwestern Lumberman" points out, there has been enough destruction of life and property from forest fires in the Northwest to force on the minds of people and Legislature that it is not only a matter of good public policy, in an economic sense, to prevent forest fires, but it is also a duty in point of simple humanity. Millions of feet of good timber are annually destroyed by fire in the pine States, and many lives are lost in a horrible manner. It would seem that the great conflagrations at Peshtigo and Ontonagon, Mich., Phillips, Wis., and Hinckley, Minn., should have impressed the people in those States so deeply that any promising preventive would be supported with enthusiasm.



Whatever foundation there may have been for the report that the Trustees of Brown University had appointed a committee to request President Andrews to stop advocating his free-coinage and free-trade convictions, it is very obvious that President Andrews has too much self-respect and too much respect for his Trustees to abandon his independence. Immediately after his return from Europe, when asked by the "Rocky Mountain News" to state his observations respecting the growth of bimetallist sentiment abroad, he replied as follows:

Owing to the manifest strength of the bimetallic interest in America, there is actually considerable prospect that France will agree beforehand to open her mints to silver. If we reopen ours, even without such an agreement, France is certain to follow the United States. In case France and the United States proceed, or either alone, Great Britain will heartily co-operate to the fullest possible extent short of coining full-tender silver at London; the India mints will reopen, the Bank of England will lay in a silver reserve, and perhaps half-sovereigns be withdrawn in favor of silver certificates. Further than this England will not go. European bimetallists nearly all think American initiative the sure way to international bimetallism.

There is certainly in this telegram no intimation that President Andrews fears to express himself with perfect freedom, and we hope that the Trustees of Brown University will have the breadth to respect their President's independence—whatever their opinion of his opinions.

To silence an educator of President Andrews's standing would bring suspicion upon university teaching throughout the United States.



The settlers in our newest Territory, Oklahoma, are, it is reported, this year reaping in generous measure the rewards for a long period of hardship and disappointment. A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" states that not less than fifteen million bushels of wheat will be threshed by September 1, that the cotton crop will yield about \$3,000,000, and that the live-stock and dairy interests are prospering satisfactorily. Railway lines are rapidly developing new country, and, with the large receipts of money which this summer's fine crops will put into the Territory, the outlook is hopeful in a high degree. Unlike most Territories and States of the Far West, Oklahoma is lightly burdened by mortgages, from the method of its settlement. The romantic and stirring story of the gathering of prospective settlers on the borders of the promised land, and of the wild race for eligible claims when the signal was given, is still well remembered by our readers. It is gratifying to know that the period of inflated expectations has been followed by one of steady energy and persistent industry, and that the latter period has now yielded its legitimate results in what seems to be assured prosperity.



People who travel between New York and Washington resent the almost continuous line of advertisements which faces them as they look out of the car windows. The scenery between the two cities, although not striking, is in certain seasons peculiarly restful on account of its depth of color and the richness of its foliage, but the charm is almost destroyed by the obtrusive and vulgar signs which flash before the eye. In England the same problem is presented—the problem of preserving natural scenery from the ravages of those who would use it for all sorts of commercial purposes. Professor Bryce, in a recent speech at Aberdeen, said that there were three deadly enemies to fine scenery—advertisements, especially of patent medicines; commercial companies;

and railways. He enumerated several beautiful falls which have been practically destroyed by the building of manufactories in their immediate vicinity. The building of railroads is often devastating, for the time being at least, but nature is quick to repair, and, except in rare cases, she takes the railroad in hand as soon as it is built, and begins to cover up the destructive work of the engineers. The advertisement is, however, a glaring and unnecessary disfigurement. The railroad is sometimes not only a public convenience but a public necessity; the advertisement is always a matter of private interest. Mr. Bryce proposed the protection of ancient monuments and scenery by legislative action. This has already been done in this country to a considerable extent, but it ought to be carried much further. It is part of the movement for the protection of the heritage which the Nation has received from God, and which it has no right to give away, as it has been constantly doing in surrendering, without return, all manner of franchises and special privileges, nor to deface, as it is constantly permitting private persons to do for their own advantage. The beauty of the landscape is a distinct, definite, and tangible property which belongs to the community, and which even private owners ought not to be allowed to deface, deform, or waste.



Another collective note has been presented to the Sultan by the Ambassadors of the Powers. It warns him that the frontier limitations determined by the Powers jointly must be accepted by him, and that there should be no more delay. The Sultan has read many such solemn collective notes of warning, and is keenly awake to the fact that the present note contains no definite threat of coercion, and that in point of fact it is very doubtful whether the Powers can be brought to unite on coercive measures. It is true that Austria and Russia and perhaps other Powers have followed up the collective note with individual notes of remonstrance and warning, but it is hard to say just how much this means. The old factor of the mutual jealousy of the Powers is still hampering them, and there is some aptness in the London "Spectator's" com-

parison of them to "a chain-gang running after a swift robber." Some progress has, however, been made; Turkey has abandoned its original claim to the whole of Thessaly as a conquered province, and is now insisting on a line just north of the river Peneus (or Salamvrias). This would give Turkey Larissa, and, what is more important, all the Thessaly openings into the great passes; in fact, it would give Turkey complete strategic command of Thessaly and an easy means of attack upon Greece. The Sultan has threatened to renew the war this week upon the expiration of the truce, but it is quite unlikely that he will actually do so.



Edhem Pasha's position has been strengthened; large masses of troops have been poured into Thessaly; Turkey, from the military point of view, was never so well prepared for a gigantic struggle if deemed necessary. That Greece must pay in territory as well as in money for her disastrous war seems certain; just how high the price will be, will be determined after probably long-continued diplomatic controversy. President Washburn, of Robert College, Constantinople, who has just arrived in this country, is quoted as saying that he did not expect war. Mere threats of war would not scare the Turks, and he had seen nothing to indicate that the Powers could agree on any measures that would lead to the beginning of hostilities. Germany, said Dr. Washburn, had shown no inclination whatever to join in any movement for war. On the other hand, England and France had announced so positively that Turkey should not be permitted to keep Thessaly that it was difficult to see how they could withdraw from that position. He thinks that matters will drag on for some time, the Powers continually exerting pressure upon Turkey, to which Turkey eventually will yield. The latest cable dispatches state that Queen Victoria, Emperor William, Emperor Nicholas, President Faure, and King Humbert have all advised the Sultan to yield to the will of united Europe. Replies to the circular of the Turkish Government to the Powers relative to the frontier question have also been made, declining to admit the Turkish pretensions.

There have been at least two causes for the recent petty rebellious acts of the natives in India. One has been the influence of the Sultan of Turkey, who has encouraged the preaching of fanaticism among Indian Mohammedans, and has through his agents hinted at the revival of a universal Moslem Empire. That the Sultan really believes in the possibility of a widespread Indian rebellion is hardly likely, but he is always glad covertly to incite sedition against British rule anywhere and at any time, and more so than ever just now, when he is straining every effort to convince the world that Turkey is a power of formidable strength, not easy to coerce. Another cause of the recent dissensions is the disregard of native prejudices and superstitions by the English authorities in enforcing regulations meant to root out the pestilent bubonic fever. Stringent measures were absolutely necessary, and no doubt it was impossible not to offend native ideas of their rights. Ignorance and prejudice have been the worst enemies of those who were fighting the plague. Yet there is evidence that some of the methods used were brutal. British officials are not always considerate of native tradition and social law. Moreover, famine and pestilence are in themselves potent to breed discontent. The actual rioting has not been extensive, and has grown out of local causes, such as the seizing of a wretched mud hut at Chitpur which Mohammedans claimed was a mosque, and for which they refused to pay rent. Here and there Europeans have been stoned in the streets, but there has been no general outbreak. The great Mutiny of 1857 was followed by such fierce vengeance, and the native races were so thoroughly subdued, that even now the recollection of that time is a strong guard against a general rebellion. How confident Great Britain is of her security is shown by the fact that she keeps only about 75,000 white troops in the immense Indian Empire, with its population of about 288,000,000, made up of natives and Europeans in the proportion of more than 1,500 of the former to every one of the latter. Fortunately for British supremacy, the natives are not, for the most part, warlike; they are at odds with one another on points of religion, caste, locality, and many other

matters; and they have a wholesome dread of European military discipline and courage.



In the current issue of the "American Journal of Sociology" Mr. Paul Monroe publishes a scholarly article on "Insurance Against Non-Employment." The more familiar form of such insurance—that furnished by trades-unions to members out of work—Mr. Monroe does not discuss. His article deals with the recent Swiss experiments of municipal insurance against non-employment, and with a newly organized business corporation in Chicago, which proposes to furnish this kind of insurance on strictly commercial principles. The Swiss experiments—which, indeed, have been imitated in Cologne in Germany, and in Bologna in Italy—had their beginning in Berne in 1893. Berne was followed by St. Gall two years later, and Bâle, Zurich, and Lucerne have since taken steps to establish similar systems. In the Swiss system, dues must have been paid by the insured for six months before the right to benefits is acquired. Even after this period the insured must have been idle one week or thereabouts before benefits begin to be paid. By these precautions the public tries to protect itself against willful idleness.



The dues required and benefits paid differ in various cities, but those in Berne may be taken as typical. Here the dues are 50 centimes (10 cents) a month, and the benefits are 1½ francs (30 cents) a day in the case of single men, and 2 francs in the case of those married. These benefits, however, are limited to a maximum of eight weeks in any one year, so that the dues of \$1.20 a year carry with them a possible benefit of not more than \$17. The Swiss systems all involve public aid to those out of work. In Berne, where the insurance is optional, the insured contribute relatively little—only about twelve per cent. of the relief fund distributed. The steadily employed workmen are naturally loth to insure the frequently—if not chronically—unemployed. In St. Gall the insurance was compulsory upon all workmen re-

ceiving less than \$1 a day, and these workmen were compelled to raise almost the whole sum to be distributed. The canton, according to a recent and careful article by Mr. J. W. Sullivan in the "Direct Legislation Record," contributed only about one-sixth. The burden naturally proved irksome to the steadily employed workmen, and last November the system was abolished by a referendary vote of the people. If the system is revived, the general public will probably bear a larger proportion of the burden of helping its least efficient or most unfortunate members.



The discovery that the ether itself can be made to conduct messages without the medium of a connecting wire is the greatest discovery in electricity since the discovery of the electric telegraph itself. In connection with the transmission of electric signals without wires, Mr. Preece, the Engineer-in-Chief to the British Postal Telegraph Department, lately delivered an interesting lecture at the London Royal Institution. According to the report of the lecture which we find in the London "Spectator," these signals have been sent across the Bristol Channel to a distance of nine miles, and by their help it is now intended to connect Sark with Guernsey in the English Channel. These electric signals do not seem to be affected by wind, rain, snow, or fog. Some of our own electricians think that ultimately these signals may be sent to any distance. As the "receiver" of the message needs no physical connection with its electric origin except the ether, the "Spectator" concludes that the electricity must be radiated in every direction to the greatest distance at which the receiver will be sensitive enough to record it. The same message might be read off at every point in the sphere to which the ether would carry it—that is, supposing a receiver to be at every such point, and one so tuned as to be in harmony with the instrument which had been used for the dispatch of the message from the other side. Secrecy, nevertheless, could be maintained by so tuning the receiver that no one on the other side could decipher the message unless he had the key to the instrument.

The American Voice

President Eliot has said that if there be any single test of a thoroughly educated man, it is the ability to use his own language with precision and skill; and a well-known Harvard teacher has said that the only way to teach the English language is to make training in English a part of every recitation which takes place in any school. That is to say, the study of one's language must be not only specific, having its definite place in the curriculum, but it must also be a part of every other study, the entire expression of the child being constantly supervised for the purpose of grounding it in the right use of its own tongue. The importance of a knowledge of English and the necessity of conveying that knowledge by supervision of a child's entire expression are rapidly coming to be recognized in our schools; but another step still remains to be taken, and that is the training of children in vocal expression. It is not enough to be able to speak one's language with precision and skill; it is also necessary to speak it clearly and musically. In nothing do the Americans more generally offend the cultivated ear than in the use of the voice. The high, shrill, nasal tones which one often hears from a group of American girls or American women; the careless, slovenly enunciation which one hears from a group of American men, would indicate to a foreigner, accustomed to vocal culture, entire absence of any sort of refinement; for, as a rule, the voice is, more than anything else, the revealer of the presence or absence of culture. But the high, shrill, nasal American voice does not by any means indicate an absence either of refinement or of general intelligence. It indicates lack of training in a specific direction. Unfortunately, that lack makes itself felt in more ways, and more disagreeable ways, than any other.

There is, perhaps, no single accomplishment quite so charming as the possession of a beautiful, cultivated voice—the power of so using human speech as to make it musical in the ear as well as suggestive to the mind. It is a delight to listen to a cultivated voice, even if one does not hear the words which are spoken. The very sounds are restful and agreeable. It used

to be said in Mr. Gladstone's palmy days that people would wait in the lobbies of the House when he was speaking, simply to enjoy the music of his tones, his words being at that distance inaudible. As a rule, the voices of American children in the schools are inexcusably bad. They are shrill, high, nasal, and wholly lacking in modulation of tone. Unfortunately, the same thing must be said, with, of course, numerous exceptions, of their teachers. The American people, as a people, need to have their attention directed to vocal culture. Our climate, our temperament, our sensitive nerves, all tell against the production of a good, natural voice. We need training more than any other people; and the time cannot be far distant, in the rapid advance of culture in this country, when the training of the voice will be as much a part of every child's education as learning to read, to spell, or to cipher. The ability to use the voice intelligently and musically ought not to be an accomplishment; it ought to be a necessity; and it will be a necessity whenever our ears become a little more sensitive, through training, to the sounds which now assail them.

Every tone of a child in the home and the school ought to be supervised, precisely as every phrase ought to be supervised, because it is only in this way that a child can be trained to the point where, without self-consciousness, it speaks musically and speaks correctly. The two things are a part of one complete expression of a refined and cultivated nature. It was said of Wendell Phillips that he gesticulated with his voice. The correctness of his emphasis, the skill with which he distinguished word from word by varying modulation, and the perfect purity of his tones equipped him with the power of commanding attention and carrying his audience without raising an arm or using any of those means which are constantly employed by less cultivated speakers. It was said of a distinguished Englishwoman who spoke in this country not many months ago that her voice showed the training of centuries. These illustrations bring into clear light the charm which inheres in a beautiful voice; and a beautiful voice is far less often an endowment of nature than it is a result of training. It is time to lead a movement for the

reform of the American voice—high time to insist that the training of that voice shall be, both for teachers and pupils in every school in America, a matter of constant attention.



The Corruption of Self-Pity

Self-pity is the most elusive and deceptive form of selfishness; it beguiles the most acute mind which yields to it, and disintegrates the clearest judgment if it becomes a habit. It is a kind of sentimentalism which finds its food in our vanity and grows by what it feeds on. It seems like a consolation for our mistakes and misfortunes, but it really is an anodyne which protects us from a pain that is essential to health. When we blunder and fail, we ought to suffer, since suffering puts us on the road to a recovery of what we have lost, or to the conquest of that which we have not had the strength to grasp. What we need is the tonic of a relentlessly honest dealing with ourselves. If we have been weak, small, mean, we want to know our defects and call them by names that accurately describe them. If we have not secured the approbation we crave, we ought, for character's sake, frankly, fully, and squarely to accept the fact that we have missed the approbation because we have not done the work that would have won it. If we deal with ourselves in this spirit, we pay ourselves the highest respect and put ourselves in the way of being worthy of it. But too many of us do nothing of the kind. We begin to pity ourselves, to look upon others as ungenerous and unsympathetic, to lay the responsibility for our failures on some person or circumstance. We soon come to think of ourselves as martyrs and victims; we build up a fictitious character for ourselves; we create unreal sorrows and bear unreal wrongs. We end by corrupting and debilitating ourselves to such a degree that we cease to have a clear vision, a truthful tongue, or a loyal heart. To put the result of a course of self-pity in plain speech: we deceive ourselves so long and so persistently that we become chronic liars to ourselves

and chronic slanderers of others. It is an awful thing to become an incarnate lie in a universe which is relentlessly truthful.



The Larger Love

Much, perhaps not too much, has been said about the "larger hope." Far more characteristic of the so-called New Theology is its exposition of the Larger Love. Far more radical and revolutionary in theology is the faith in the Larger Love.

For the Church in the past has not believed that God is love; it has only believed that God loves, which is something quite different. All creatures that God has ever made love; but God is LOVE. All inflections of earthly love—that of parent for child, husband for wife, friend for friend—are fragmentary reflections of God's love. All God's moral attributes are refractions of this divine love. As we have heretofore said, God's justice is his love looking upon the community; his pity is his love looking upon the sorrowing; his mercy is his love looking upon the sinful; his holiness is the wholeness of a nature which is all love; his righteousness is the conformity of his life in all its conduct to the standard of love. So, all the intellectual qualities of God, his wisdom, his skill, his power, are servitors of his love. He is God because he is love, not because he is wise, or skillful, or powerful. The wiser, the more skillful, the more powerful, the less he would be worthy of our reverence if all his wisdom, his skill, his power, were not directed by love to accomplish loving ends.

This the Church has been slow to believe, because humanity is not yet large enough to hold so ransoming, purifying, inspiring a faith. It has, therefore, put all manner of limitations on God's love. The ancient Jew believed that God loved the Jews, but hated the Gentiles; the Roman Catholic believed that he loved the baptized, but left the unbaptized outside the influences of his love; the Calvinist believed that he loved the elect, but passed the non-elect by; the Arminian believed that he loved the converted, but not the unconverted; a great many Christians now believe that

he loves Christendom, but cares very little for Pagandom; that he loves the good, but not the evil; that he loves men in this life, but will not love them in the life to come. So they think that to doubt the text, or rather to doubt the Church's interpretation of the text, "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment," is to doubt the Bible; but that to doubt the text so many times repeated, "His mercy endureth forever," is not to doubt the Bible. In fact, however, to doubt that God is love is to doubt the central fact of divine revelation; it is to doubt that for which law was given, prophecies were uttered, Christ was incarnate, and suffered, and died; it is to doubt the one fact which distinguishes Christianity from all pagan religions.

There are those who will say, Is not this hazardous—to declare that God is love, and always love, and eternal love? Will not men take advantage of this declaration to go on in sin, and will not other men take advantage of this declaration to leave their fellow-men to go on in sin without vigorous efforts to save them from their sin? Our answer to this is that it is the Gospel, not the law, the love of God, not the dread of God, which is the power of God unto salvation. When the Jew believed that God loved Jews but not pagans, he did nothing for the world's conversion; when the Roman Catholic believed that God loved the baptized but not the unbaptized, he was too often content simply to baptize, sometimes by wholesale; when the Calvinist believed that God loved the elect but not the non-elect, he consistently refused to put forth any efforts for the salvation of the non-elect. With the larger hope and the larger love has grown up a larger missionary enthusiasm; with the larger hope and the larger love has grown up a larger ingathering of men into the household of faith. There is a danger of belittling love; of representing it as merely careless good nature; of representing it as not strong to demand and to determine on the regnancy of love in the life of all the Father's children, and to stop at nothing until that regnancy of love is secured, not only over them but in them. But there is no danger, if one understands what love is, in imputing to God too large a love, or in inspiring in men too

large a hope, so long as it is founded on this: that God is sovereign and God is love.



Colonial Representation

The ancient mercantile companies of London, such as the Cordwainers and the Fishmongers, have been vying with each other in entertaining the colonial Prime Ministers who made a chief feature of the Queen's Jubilee. There has been much more serious and significant after-dinner oratory than is usual on such occasions, and among the orators Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, has rightly had a commanding position. He is the cleverest and boldest of them all; he represents an intercolonial federation already accomplished; and if Imperial Federation ever reaches full and just completion, it will probably be due to the temerity and persistency of the Canadian Prime Minister as much as to any one else. Up to this time, Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has been the most prominent figure in federation schemes, and his own plan for an imperial tariff union—a *Zollverein*—is well known. Whatever agreements may be made as to intercolonial, British, and foreign tariffs, Sir Wilfrid Laurier believes that there is a deeper question still which has never been properly settled and which must one day be settled to the satisfaction of British colonists, if the colonists are to remain as part and parcel of the British Empire. To some the term Imperial Federation has signified a commercial union only; it may now mean a political union as well. In his speech at the Fishmongers' dinner, the Dominion Premier said that he cordially disliked the word "colony," because it seemed to imply a superiority on the part of the inhabitants of the home country. He had no doubt, however, that the time was coming when the name colony would be exchanged for another word. On another occasion Sir Wilfrid said that the goal of his aspirations was to see Canadians of French descent sitting at Westminster. On yet another occasion he observed that the British people usually adopt only so much reform as is absolutely indispensable for each separate emergency that may

arise, but that genuine political union could be attained only by the admission of colonial representatives to the Imperial Parliament. And, again, he said:

Canada is satisfied now with her relations with the mother land, but we are rapidly approaching the parting of the ways. When Canada has ten million people she will have attained her strength, and unless she then has a direct voice in the Government governing her she must seriously consider whether or not she would be better off as an independent nation.

The question of colonial representation perplexed England towards the end of the eighteenth century; it is likely to perplex her at the end of the nineteenth. The London papers are already busying themselves with ways and means. Parliament, as at present constituted, is a local Parliament for the United Kingdom, but is also the so-called "Imperial Parliament." If the colonies were admitted, it would become a genuinely Imperial Parliament. Each of the colonies would retain its present legislature, and above all would stand the Imperial Parliament, in which the colonies would be represented. The only point at issue seems to be, How can a legislature in which the colonies will be represented, fitly remain the local Parliament of the United Kingdom? Of course the representation could be increased, though the body would become more unwieldy than ever. The most practical and satisfactory plan would seem to be to give home rule to each of the separate countries composing the United Kingdom, thus relieving the Imperial Parliament of local legislation.

The colonial climax of the Jubilee is an appropriate one, since Great Britain's period of colonial expansion has been by far the most marked during the reign of Victoria. When the Queen ascended the throne in 1837, there was not a single self-governing British colony, and the colonial white population was something over one hundred thousand. The eleven colonial Prime Ministers now in London stand for eleven self-governing colonies, enjoying almost every right of independent nations. During these sixty years, while the population of the United Kingdom has more than doubled, that of the colonies has increased nearly eight times. These facts, together with those of trade, recently emphasized by Canada, must have lent impressiveness to the elevation

of all the colonial Prime Ministers to the dignity of membership in the Most Honorable Privy Council. A new chapter in the history of Imperial relations may thus have been opened, for the Privy Council itself is likely to become an element in carrying out federation. There are now about two hundred and fifty members of the Council, and they are known by the prefix "The Right Honorable." We are told that the Council may be summoned by the Queen, but as a matter of fact it never meets. Cabinet government has taken its place. From the earliest days the Privy Council has been inseparable from the Crown, and has now survived the evolution of Cabinet government "from the chaos of irresponsible sovereignty." We are told that not a line of statute law may be quoted as a warrant for Cabinet government; that the Premier of Great Britain himself has no other position in law than that of a member of the Privy Council; and that Mr. Chamberlain is *de facto* a member of the Cabinet, but *de jure* he advises the Queen solely in his capacity of Privy Councillor. However, if most of the powers of the Privy Council have been transmitted to the Cabinet, the Council has been invested with various administrative functions—for instance, the national system of education is now under the charge of a committee of the Council, made up mainly from members of the Cabinet.

It would be a curious illustration if there were to be a new graft, that of a compact body of colonial Prime Ministers, all of them Privy Councillors, all united in a common cause—Imperial Federation. It would be a still more striking circumstance if this bond of unity were made use of to bring about what was denied to thirteen colonies a century and more ago—colonial representation.



The Spectator

The American is taught (unofficially, of course) to hate and avoid jury duty only less than the prisoner's box. When first informed that he must hold himself liable to it, he tries all avenues of escape, and when this is of no avail he boils with rage and tears his hair. One can no longer buy off himself or his friends; and it is getting harder and harder to lie out of it, because they send spies to

verify one's allegations! Nevertheless, so many classes of persons are exempted by statute that few are liable, except the skirmishers of life and the commercial men. As represented by our juries, we are truly a nation of shopkeepers. Here is an "avenue" where women may step in and welcome. As the Spectator was not a lawyer, a doctor, nor a dominie, neither manager nor slave of a corporation, soulless or otherwise, and had to acknowledge that he was worth \$250, having neglected to put all his property the day before into nominal possession of his wife, he was summoned for a special term of court, held to try a single case. As he did not happen to be drawn, he was sent home free for that time, with nothing to complain of. In six months or so he was summoned again, this time in the midst of some work, when a great deal depended upon rapid forwarding and conclusion of the business. The presiding judge excused him, and again he escaped.



But the other day the Spectator was summoned a third time, and he appeared in the Supreme Court one Monday morning. As soon as the roll was called, the clerk of the court asked those who were willing to serve to stand up. He was one of perhaps a dozen out of the hundred or more impaneled who did so. All the rest trooped past the judge's desk, presented sworn excuses, and perhaps half of them got off. That term *panel*, meaning those summoned simultaneously for jury duty, is a curiosity, by the way; it comes from obsolete Scotch court-practice, where the oblong piece of parchment upon which the sheriff wrote the names of the list of jurors for the presiding judge was called the panel. It is a metonymic survival comparable to our expression "the ermine" for the judiciary, though American judges, at least, no longer wear any such insignia of office.



This over with, twelve names were drawn at random, one after another, from a revolving box, and, the lawyers having expressed themselves satisfied, the rest of the jurors were allowed to go home. This went on for two calendar weeks—really only ten court days—after which you might serve two court days more, and then be freed from summons for two whole years; but, strange to say, only half a dozen persons took advantage of this cheaply bought immunity. Every morning all had to appear at court at half-past ten, and nearly always had to return at two P.M., spoiling the whole day even when not kept in actual service. Yet one case lasted four days, and it was known in advance that it would do so.

It seems as if, in these days of telephones and quick messages generally, such a waste of jurors' time in each of many courts might be avoided. The writer, for one, would gladly have paid for a telegram each evening, saying he would or would not be wanted next morning. But a court of law is perhaps the slowest thing on earth to adapt itself to changing conditions of life, fearing its dignity will tumble if any antiquated, dry-rotted prop is knocked away.



The Spectator's first service was on the case of a colored woman who had been injured on a street railway eighteen months previously, and was suing for large damages. We were searchingly questioned as to prejudice against the colored race, which every one denied, with impatience, and here, as in all other cases, as to whether we were acquainted with any of the lawyers in the case, or any body or thing belonging to them. It seems likely that a great deal more stress is laid on this question than there is any need of; and, in fact, that the minute and suspicious questioning of jurors tends often to rouse a feeling of resentment which is worse than anything the over-anxious counsel is seeking to discover. A better treatment was that of the barrister who simply said, "Do any of you know any reason why you cannot render a fair verdict in this case?" and when he got no answer, let it go at that. A noticeable fact was the surprise of all the court to learn that only two of this jury had ever served before.



In this case the corporation was represented by a rather fierce old lawyer, and the plaintiff by a wide-awake young man. His elderly opponent seemed to regard him as rather cheeky sometimes, but the "Court," as the Spectator was learning to call the little old man on the "Bench," usually sustained the boy's alert regard for his own interests. It was immensely amusing to note the dramatic presentation of the plaintiff—a bright, pretty young mulatto woman, with an insignificant husband and a most winning-looking old mother. More than extreme respect, really sad, soulful sympathy, was accorded her by her young counsel and his associates; with tender solicitude she was finally assisted, limping, and almost gasping with weakness and pain, into the witness-chair, where her husband was bidden to sustain her. We were told that her tongue was partially paralyzed, and she whispered her testimony to the stenographer, who shouted it to us. There was nothing wrong with *his* vocal organs! The Spectator glanced about him, curious to see whether his fellow-jurymen took

in the dramatic presentation of this case. He could not help noting that they seemed an unusually intelligent and capable body of men, mostly of advanced age. At the end of the day all the witnesses for the plaintiff had been heard except one "expert," but a good deal of the evidence was vague; in fact, this juror has no clear idea yet how that accident happened. Four o'clock approached, and the court adjourned, and everybody filed out, casting pitying glances at the stricken woman half reclining on one of the seats, upheld by her sable friends—a *cloud* of witnesses! Next morning no lawyers were to be seen, and the Judge announced that the case had been "settled." Gossip added that the railway company had paid something like \$10,000, the woman insisting upon cash down; and that when she had received it she opened her eyes, recovered her speech, threw away her crutch, and fairly danced out of the courtroom, followed by a mixture of laughter and oburgations.



A few days later, however, the Spectator really reached the jury-room, and helped formulate his first verdict. Here the "twelve good men and true" were more nearly an average lot than before, and not liable to scare any counsel into compromising with the opposition. The dispute to be adjudicated was between a man whose name ended in *sky* on the defense and a wholesale mercantile firm as the plaintiff; and, as before, a gray-headed old lawyer represented the corporation, and a young man its opponents. The suit was to recover money or goods amounting to over \$2,500, which the merchants asserted were furnished to this man on consignment, and which the latter had disposed of, together with the remainder of his stock, by what they charged to be a fraudulent "failure." A verdict against him would probably be followed by an immediate arrest.



It appeared that the merchants had known this man, for ten years previous to the present dealings, as a good skirmisher and salesman in their line, but as one whose abilities had led him into repeated failures, the result of which at that time was that he had little if any money and had some \$4,000 worth of judgments against him. Nevertheless, the plaintiffs agreed in writing to furnish him goods with which to open a store in his wife's name, she having borrowed some money from her aunt. This contract was written in his own name, but signed by him in his wife's name *per* himself as agent; all their goods were directed to her, and various payments were received from the wife and not from the

husband, although he was the "party" contracted with. The defendant denied that the goods were "consigned" at all, but asserted that they were sold on credit in an ordinary way, and that the plea of a consignment was a later fiction designed first to secure his connivance in saving the plaintiffs as against rival creditors, and second as a basis for a criminal accusation toward him. But when it was all over—and a day and a half were consumed in the case—the jury found that they knew nothing about the truth of the matter at all, and would have been quite as well able to render a verdict if they had simply heard the opening statements of the opposing counsel and had a copy of that agreement.



The foreman was a solemn old owl, who took a vote at the start, and found that nobody had a definite opinion. Next all agreed that —sky and all his tribe were no doubt cheats, and that this was only another instance of his career of rascality, for which he richly deserved the jail that already shadowed him; but—it was plain that the merchants knew exactly his reputation, insolvency, and liability to other judgments; knew that openly he could act only as "agent;" and as a matter of fact aided the false position, so far as it may have been false, by keeping their book-account in the woman's name and accepting her checks. The jury took the view, therefore, that the plaintiff should sue *her*, if anybody, assuming that they did not do so because she was worthless for purposes of recovery by civil process, and, being a woman, was not amenable to a criminal prosecution in these premises. Nobody wanted to act as helper in this ulterior purpose; yet it took half an hour to get the matter straight in the heads of the young man with the bead-like eyes and re-treating chin, of the wild Irishman, of the pompous citizen in a white choker, and of the argumentative young German. But the fact that we were in danger of losing our lunch and spoiling the whole afternoon overcame the reluctance born mainly of self-importance, and a unanimous verdict was ordered for the disreputable defendant against the reputable plaintiff. This was the outcome of a common-sense view, by ordinary men, accustomed to business life in a modern city, of the question, Did, or did not, the merchants know that the only responsible person in this risky transaction was the woman? We concluded that they did; and the contract, and their own explanation of it, was the most influential evidence against them. The longer the Spectator considers it, the more it seems to him likely that, after all, substantial justice was done; for if merchants were not willing to encourage sharpers

by displaying the sharpest possible edge toward their competitors (and incidentally toward the public), they would less often get cut by an unlucky turn of the weapon. A freebooter is a dangerous ally.



The Outlook Vacation Fund

The past week has revealed some of the limitations of a working-girl's life in New York. A group of girls had, early in May, made arrangements to start on a two weeks' vacation July 10. One girl was told Friday afternoon, when she stopped work, that she could not go—an order had come in. "When can I go?" asked the sixteen-year-old worker. "I don't know." She dares not ask again. Another says: "I expected to go, but our work stopped two weeks earlier than usual, and I would not dare go away—I might be sent for." Another, eighteen years old: "Father's laid off; I must find work." True, there were others waiting for these empty places who needed them just as much, but the memory of those young faces, tired and anxious, gives a keener consciousness of the seeming injustices of life. Youth is a blessed time, for, with these explanations of life's responsibilities still echoing, the girls' voices rang out an hour after in song, as they stood with others about the piano.

THE VACATION FUND

SPECIAL GIFT

From an Unknown Friend..... \$5,000 00

FOR VACATION EXPENSES

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,376 02
E. W. A., Batavia, N. Y.....	10 00
E. F. H., Andover, Mass.....	2 00
M. G.....	2 00
J. R., Short Hills, N. J.....	1 50
S. K. M. B.....	5 00
B. F. G., Chicago, Ill.....	1 00
In Word and Deed Circle King's Daughters, Bloomfield, N. J.....	12 00
C. J. C., Greenwich, Conn.....	5 00
S. H. R., Catskill, N. Y.....	24 00
M. F. S., Bridgeport, Conn.....	25 00
M. L. F., Bridgeport, Conn.....	15 00
—, St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	10 00
C. D. M.....	5 00
J. W., East Bridgewater, Mass.....	20 00
—, Worcester.....	20 00
From a Wisconsin Friend.....	10 00
A. L. D., Pittsfield, Mass.....	5 00
A. H. W., New York, N. Y.....	10 00
Jennie M. G.....	3 00
G. W. S., Highlandville, Mass.....	2 00
A Friend.....	2 00
H. M. H., Bad Axe, Mich.....	2 00

\$8,567 52

Two Memberships..... 2 00

Total..... \$8,569 52

Robert E. Lee as College President

The Recollections of a Student

By S. D. McCormick

THE writer matriculated as a student of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., in September, 1866. The College, endowed by General Washington in 1797, at the time referred to was presided over by General Robert E. Lee. After his death, which occurred in October, 1870, the name of its distinguished President was associated with that of its illustrious patron, and the institution has since been designated as Washington and Lee University. During the administration of General Lee the patronage was larger than that of any other institution of learning in the South—the student-body being sons of the personal friends and admirers of the President, which fact may partly explain the discipline and moral government of the University.

No student could ever forget his first meeting and impressions of General Lee. The feeling of awe in his presence, which we all at first acknowledged, was immediately replaced by one of confidence. His dignified, courteous bearing, his easy, natural grace, his frank, benevolent face, his kindly, sympathetic eye, and his elegant, courtly manners all brought instantly to the mind your ideal of a gentleman. His face was an index of the nobility of his character, and, though indicating reserve, dignity, and great modesty, you were attracted by its benignity, and gathered the impression that you could at once approach him as a friend.

Perhaps twenty-five or thirty students called with me in a body to make the acquaintance of and to pay their respects to the President. Ushered into his office, we were introduced and seated, when the General addressed a few questions to each one, separately. We then withdrew to give place to as many more, who were waiting to go through a similar ceremony. In the course of a week probably four hundred called and were formally presented.

Possibly six weeks passed before I again met the General, when one morning I came face to face with him on the

campus, and respectfully saluted. To my surprise, as I had only met him for a moment, the General in returning my salute called my name. I was so impressed that I went among the students, stated the circumstance, and, after pushing my inquiries, discovered that each of them had had a similar experience. Afterwards, when I knew the General well, I called his attention to the incident, told him of my astonishment, and how I had questioned other students, and how frequently I had to ask the names of my new acquaintances time and again, although I was somewhat gifted, as I thought, in my memory of both faces and names. The General smiled, and said that his ability to recall a face and name came from cultivation of the memory and close observation. He told me, furthermore, that he had never been introduced to a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia whose face and name he could not afterwards instantly recall. I remembered from my historical reading that it was stated that Mithridates could call the name of every man in his army of a million men—a statement which I considered as somewhat “rosy” until I met General Lee.

I had not long been a student before I knew “Traveller,” the great war-steed of the General’s, so easily recognized as his mount in any battle-picture of the Army of Northern Virginia. Being a Kentuckian, I prided myself not a little upon my knowledge of the points of a good horse; and hundreds of times, as I walked out for exercise during the afternoons, the General would ride by, always salute, and frequently rein in to converse for a few moments. It was only natural that, at times, “Traveller” should be discussed between us.¹ He was a large, powerful, and well-muscled horse; an iron-gray; as I recall, rather more than sixteen hands in height, and in ordinary flesh weighing about 1,150 pounds. I remember I called the atten-

¹ A portrait of General Lee mounted upon “Traveller” will be found in *The Outlook* for January 2, 1897.

tion of the General to some of his fine points—his high spirit; his light, agile step; his full, prominent eye; his immense power; and the ease with which, at any pace, he carried the General, who weighed probably two hundred pounds. The General's eye kindled, and I soon found out that I was a novice where I thought myself a critic. He pointed out that the first essentials of a mount were power and intelligence—of course presupposing that the horse is sure-footed and the wind perfect; that intelligence was to be judged by the prominence of the forehead, the width between the eyes, and the eye itself, and that no horse was trustworthy unless level-headed; that power and endurance were indicated in the deep, capacious chest, the full throttle, the short, strong back, the deep, sinewy flank, the large, flat bones of the leg; and he suggested that the pasterns should not rest too straight above the firm, solid hoof.

The General was a superb horseman. His favorite gaits were the canter, the gallop, and the walk. He sat his horse easily and gracefully, his bearing military, with a firm yet easy hand upon the bridle-rein, his weight on the stirrup, his thighs pressing the saddle, and his every movement in unison with the motions of his steed. Riding was his favorite recreation, and was, so far as we knew, his only exercise except his daily walk to the office and back to his home.

Of course the ordinary student had only occasional glimpses of the General in his home; but perhaps every student in the University carries some pleasant reminiscence of such a visit. I remember I called upon one occasion to secure his autograph to several photographs, which I knew would be appreciated by my friends at home. After signing his name, the General said: "You have not one of my best photographs. As a friend, I wish to present you with one, which I consider the best ever taken of me." I thanked him most gratefully, when he arose, went to his secretary, carefully selected one, and, after signing his name, handed it to me. Such civilities as this no student could forget.

Mary Custis (his wife) was an invalid during my collegiate training (1866-70), and it was delightful to note the gentle attentions and sympathy of her husband.

He never ceased to be the lover, and always claimed the privilege of waiting upon her in company. In his home as in public, he was very dignified; his wife was always addressed as Mrs. Lee, his daughters as Miss Mary, Miss Agnes, or Miss Mildred. As host, he was at all times the knightly Virginian; his polite attentions were never forced, but seemed to spring naturally from the heart. He was extremely hospitable, and although from the chapel hour, nine o'clock in the forenoon, until late in the afternoon he was at the President's desk, he still found time to enjoy hundreds of visitors and the society of the classic little town where he elected to end his days, and to impress upon the young men of the South the influence of his example and advice.

While I was a student at Washington College, the institution had no rules. Its government was entirely moral. General Lee expected the young men to remember at all times that they were gentlemen, and that life at the University should be marked by the same decorum as at home. I can best illustrate by an incident: One morning a messenger summoned me to the President's home. The night previous had been made hideous by a "callithump," or the disorderly orgies of the college students. When I reported, I found the President much perturbed and distressed, when he said to me: "Mr. McCormick, I have sent for you as one of my orderly and good students, to ask you and Mr. Vanmeter to go among your friends, especially the Kentuckians, and use your influence not to allow a repetition of last night's scenes. You know my boys are the representatives of the distinguished families of the South; their fathers are my friends, and I do not wish to humiliate them or to dishonor their sons by writing to request their recall as students of the University." Such was the government of the college. No restriction was put upon any one. Students were of course marked tardy or absent from the class-room, and monthly reports sent home of their class grade; but everywhere, in his room, the college, or the town, each one felt that he was on his honor. There was never an expulsion; but when young men, as occasionally happened, became remiss, or careless, or dissipated, the General would caution them, and un-

less they changed their course he would quietly write to the parent, and the student would disappear, not to be seen again. Speaking of cautions recalls a personal experience, perhaps worth recalling as showing the sympathy and toleration of General Lee with the student-body. In the class of physiology my professor would insist on giving me a low grade, not because I was deficient, but because I could not draw. (It was a fact that my drawing was as execrable as my penmanship.) I submitted for several weeks, and then day after day I refused to go to the blackboard, and by the end of the month I had a beautiful display of goose-eggs for the eye of the General and my father. Of course I was bulletined to appear at the President's office. The General called my attention to my class standing for the month, which was zero. I smiled and said to him: "General, I am perfect in that study, but am unwilling to be marked down—as you will observe the Professor has done for the full course—and I prefer zero. Now, I have a proposition I would like to make to you. Examinations will be here in three weeks; if you will attend I will prove to you that I am perfect." The General agreed. I remember I was called on at ten o'clock, the General appearing almost instantly. We exchanged glances. I was confident and defiant; his look encouraging. For two hours the professor plied me with questions, but each one was readily and somewhat defiantly answered. I never saw so pleased an expression as General Lee's, and, I thought, a more surprised one than the professor's. Finally the old professor paused, deliberately took up his book, and said: "Mr. McCormick, your class grade on my book is 27. I will give you 100 on examination, advance your session stand to 60, and this will make you one of my distinguished graduates." I thanked him, and also the General, who had kept his agreement with me as I had with him. Is there any wonder that a student-body should love a President when he met them on such terms of sympathy?

I had another experience not so agreeable. I have stated heretofore that the college had no rules. There was one exception. It was everywhere understood that political discussion or animadversion upon the Government was personally dis-

tasteful to the President and would meet his disapproval. I once transgressed this unwritten rule or prohibition. During one of the public celebrations of 1870 I was the orator selected from the Washington Literary Society, and after my oration had been submitted to the committee I added a few closing sentences which were intensely Southern, and which I knew would catch the popular applause. General Lee was surprised and shocked. How it was that I escaped a personal reprimand I do not now recall. I learned, however, of the General's indignation; that he had brought the subject up before the Faculty, and that I narrowly escaped expulsion.

I will tell of another occurrence, which was currently reported among the students as showing how determined the President was upon this point: At a Faculty meeting one of the professors made some disparaging remark about General Grant. General Lee, in indignation, rose from his chair, and, looking the professor full in the face, said to him: "Sir, if you ever presume again to speak disrespectfully of General Grant in my presence, either you or I will sever his connection with this University."

During my entire acquaintance with General Lee, which gradually grew to be of an intimate character, I never heard him allude at any time to the Civil War. His parole accepted at Appomattox was never violated, but was carried out in the spirit and letter of its acceptance. I have heard it frequently stated that he regretted his course in the Civil War. I feel qualified to say that any such statement is gratuitous. His whole life is a refutation. He acted always after careful deliberation, and strictly from a sense of duty. During his entire life duty was his ideal. He recognized that war had proven a great calamity to "his people," and during the evening of his life his hope was to see peace and good will restored to the country. He set an example of submission, and his influence as a college president reached every quarter of his unhappy section. He always referred to the people of the South as "my people," and shared their sorrows to the end.

To close these recollections of General Lee without reference to his religious life would leave them incomplete. The in-

stitution not being denominational, the chapel exercises were conducted in rotation by the ministers of the town. The General was a regular attendant every morning at these exercises, as he was of Grace Church at its prayer-meeting. It is questionable if a purer man ever lived. His life at the University was the same model one which is said to have characterized him in the army, both National and Confederate.

I will end these college reminiscences by citing an instance of the quiet humor of our President. He was an Episcopalian—a vestryman of Grace Church. General Pendleton, his former Chief of Artillery, was rector, and General Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military

Institute, was also a vestryman. The latter was not on agreeable terms with the rector, and complained to the officers of the church that the cadets, among them his own son, were deserting the church of their fathers, and that no persuasion could keep them from attending Dr. Pratt's church (Presbyterian). The Doctor had a very beautiful daughter named Grace (now one of the elegant matrons of the South), and while General Smith was pushing his objections to the rector, General Lee, with a twinkle in his eye, said to Smith, "General, possibly the magnet which attracts your son is not so much the Doctor's eloquence as the Doctor's grace." It is said the point silenced General Smith.

The Message of the World's Religions

III.—Confucianism

By the Rev. Arthur H. Smith¹

WHAT is Confucianism? By Confucianism we mean the essential teaching of those works which the Chinese reckon as classics. According to the narrowest enumeration, these are five in number—the Book of Changes, the Book of Odes, the Book of History, the Book of Rites, and the Spring and Autumn Annals. To these are also added the Conversations of Confucius, the Book of Filial Piety, the Works of Mencius, and Rituals and Commentaries, making a total of thirteen. The aggregate bulk of these works is probably somewhat less than that of our Old Testament, but if the Commentaries are included the classics comprise in themselves a vast library.

Theoretical Confucianism is to be got at by a distillation of these ancient books, and the writer of this paper wishes to disclaim any special fitness for the task of discussing a topic so comprehensive and of which he knows so little at first hand.

At the Chicago Parliament of Religions by far the longest essay presented was by the Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, Secretary to the Chinese Legation at Washington. It extends to sixty-six pages, more than ten times the average length of the papers read there, and is an elaborate

discussion of many branches of our subject. It is of special interest, "as it is the first exposition ever given of Confucianism in English by a distinguished and able man, himself a Confucianist. It is also the first attempt of such a man to estimate the relative value of all religions, especially of Christianity. In addition to this, it gives us the view which the Chinese Government holds of Christian missions to-day." The writer of that essay was asked not to make it "technical," but he found it impossible to make it otherwise. The writer of the present paper is requested to make it "popular," but this he feels more and more convinced to be impracticable as he considers the matter longer. To most of the readers of *The Outlook* the Confucian classics are inaccessible, but the report of the Parliament of Religions has been sown broadcast over the whole earth. It seems, therefore, best to summarize, as briefly as may be, the essential parts of Mr. Pung's exposition, and those who wish for further elucidation have only to study his essay for themselves. Economy of space forbids more than a mere abstract, but we shall endeavor to give the spirit of Mr. Pung's thoughts without at all following his order:

¹ Author of "Chinese Characteristics."

While it is not true, as some claim, that China has no religion of her own, Confucianism is an ethical system, and is not a "religion" at all. Thousands of years ago the Chinese were obliged to give up religion as a basis of government, because when secular and spiritual matters were mixed, misfortunes and calamities befell the nation. Nothing could now induce the Chinese to consent that civil and religious affairs should intersect each other.

There is a Spirit who rules this universe of created things; who accomplishes all his purposes without effort; whose presence cannot be perceived by the senses; who dwells ever in an atmosphere of serene majesty; who is the dispenser of all things, eternal and unchangeable. Before the creation of the universe he existed, and after the dissolution of the universe he will remain the same. He is called "Ti," Supreme Ruler. "Ti" is synonymous with heaven, and there is only one such. Heaven and earth constitute a dualism. The conjunction of their vital essences brings forth a third, the inscrutable part of which is called a spirit. Heaven unites its essences with those of the sun, moon, and stars, and spirits of heaven result. In a similar way the spirits of mountains, rivers, and seas are produced. When any of these spirits in some special way benefit creation, the national government canonizes them, and they then take their place by the side of heaven.

Man is the product of heaven and earth, the union of the active and passive principles, the conjunction of the soul and spirit, and the ethereal essence of the five elements. Being the connecting link between unities and dualisms, man is called the heart of heaven and earth. Spirit must not be confounded with nature. Nature is an active element, matter is a passive element. To the interaction of the essences of the active and the passive principles the spirits of mountains, marshes, birds, insects, and of man are due. The spirit of man is in a more concentrated and better disciplined state than the spirits of the rest of the created things. For this reason the spirit of man, after death, though separated from the body, is able to retain its essential virtues, and does not become easily dissipated. This is the ghost or disembodied spirit.

Spirits owe their existence to material substances, and as the substances may be useful or noxious, so spirits may be benevolent or malevolent. A man whose heart is good must have a good spirit. Spirits attract one another, and when good spirits attract one another, this is happiness. When bad spirits attract one another, this is misery. When the bad spirits produce misfortune and calamities, the wise legislator puts his reliance on music and ceremonies to adjust the social equilibrium. His aim is to restore the human heart to its pristine innocence by establishing a standard of goodness, and by pointing out a way of salvation to every creature. The right principles of action can be discovered only by studying the waxing of the active and passive elements as set forth in the Book of Changes, and surely cannot be understood by those who believe in what priests call the dispensations of Providence. Man is endowed with faculties of the highest dignity, but if men lose this dignity in unlimited indulgence, even heaven cannot possibly do anything for them; but if, after experiencing a sense of shame mingled with fear and trembling, they repent of their evil doings, they become men again with their humanity restored. This is a doctrine maintained by all schools of Confucianists.

Nature is grand and impartial in its actions. The rule of life should be conformity to nature. To devote one's attention to the investigation of the laws of the spiritual world is unprofitable. Consequently Confucius made man his study, and would not discourse on wonders, brute force, rebellion, and spirits. He says that the art of rendering effective service to the people consists in keeping aloof from the spirits as well as in holding them in respect. "We have not yet performed our duties to men," he says; "how can we perform our duties to spirits?" "We know not as yet about life; how can we know about death?" "He who has sinned against Heaven has no place to pray." Under such circumstances any attempt to present before the people questions and problems that are incomprehensible and incapable of demonstration serves only to delude them by a crowd of misleading lights and to lead them to error and confusion. The wise rulers of antiquity laid down rules of propriety

for the regulation of the three "superior claims," to wit, that of the sovereign, the father, and the husband, as well as of the "five relations," namely, those of sovereign and subject, of parents and children, of husbands and wives, of elder and younger brothers, and of friends toward one another.

All intelligent Chinese have for this reason been followers of Confucius, and Confucius really succeeded to the ancient line of priests. To do reverence to spirits is to do nothing more than to refrain from giving them annoyance, and to do reverence to heaven is nothing more than to refrain from giving it annoyance. On these points the ritual code is explicit, and there is, therefore, no demand for other religious works. What is properly called religion has never been considered as a desirable thing for the people to know and for the government to sanction. The reason is that every attempt to propagate religious doctrines in China has always given rise to the spreading of falsehoods and errors, and finally resulted in rebellions and dire calamity. It makes not the least difference whether the particular form of religion teaches truth or error, nor what the character of the propagandists may be. The final result is ever the same, except that a religion that teaches error precipitates a crisis more speedily, that is all.

Both Taoists and Buddhists teach of future rewards and punishments. The purpose in doing so is laudable; it is the perpetuation of falsehood by clinging to errors that deserves condemnation. Confucianists do not accept such doctrines, though they make no attempt to suppress them. Heaven and hell are found in this life, without troubling the Buddhist Pluto and the Christ of the Christians to judge the dead after death, and reward every man according to his deserts. As a rule, men given to speculations on the world of spirits are forgetful of the duties of this life, and while employed by officials on occasions of public worship, they are at the same time despised by the Confucianists as the dregs of the people. As Buddhism says nothing of the regulation of the family, the government of the State, and the pacification of the world, there can be no conflict between Buddhism and the affairs of state,

There are many resemblances between the teachings of Christ and those of Confucianists, but the New Testament is very meager on questions respecting the human faculties and the principles of morality, while the Confucian writers are very full. There is a Trinity in Taoism, a Trinity in Buddhism, and a Trinity in Christianity. If, by living according to the dictates of nature and by suppressing the desires of the flesh, one arrives at perfect agreement with nature, and obtains a complete mastery over desires, such a one Buddhists call a Buddha, Taoists a genius, and Christians a child of God. It is idle for thinkers to attack one another, for all men cannot possibly arrive at the same opinion on any subject. The progress of Christianity does not concern Confucianists in the least.

Thus far the Hon. Pung Kuang Yu. To this ought to be appended a quotation from a speech of Li Hung Chang in New York last autumn, in which he said to a delegation representing missionary interests: "In a philosophical point of view, as far as I have been able to appreciate, Christianity does not differ much from Confucianism, as the Golden Rule is expressed in a positive form in one, while it is expressed in the negative form in the other. It is at present enough to conclude that there exists not much difference between the wise sayings of the two greatest teachers, on the foundations of which the whole structure of the two systems of morality is built."

There are six essential elements of Confucianism, five of which, so far as we know, differentiate it from any other system of non-Christian thought. Of these, the first is its doctrine of *the direct responsibility of the sovereign to Heaven, Shang Ti, or God*. This is abundantly illustrated in the classical writings, and it is a factor of the government of the present day as really as in times past. From this source originates the whole complex theory of Chinese responsibility, which plays so large a part in the conduct of all Chinese affairs, private as well as public. Only the Emperor worships Shang Ti, although the people do reverence to "heaven and earth," with very little conception of what it is that they worship.

The second element is the startling theory that *the people are of more importance than the sovereign*. The latter reigns by the decree of Heaven. When he loses Heaven's decree, he has no longer the right to rule. The Chinese theory of government has been compendiously described as despotism tempered by the right of rebellion—a right constantly exercised in every period of Chinese history. This feature of Chinese rule makes it the most unique combination of absolute monarchy and "triumphant democracy" that the world has ever seen.

The third element is *the clear recognition of the various social relations*, as already described. To a Chinese these five relations exhaust the universe, just as a Christian considers the Ten Commandments to be co-extensive with human activity. As a matter of fact, it is easy to show that many "relations," such as those between capital and labor, for example, find no recognition at all.

The fourth element is *the lofty moral system of Confucianism*. The five constant virtues are benevolence, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, and good faith. The virtues are far oftener talked of in China than the precepts of the New Testament in Christian lands. They form a standard which is brought to the attention of all Chinese continuously. The civil service examinations, a slow growth of many ages, have unified the Chinese mind as the mind of no other people was ever unified, unless the Jews form an exception. The Chinese habit of using sententious classical mottoes for the adornment of their door-posts, mottoes written afresh at every New Year season, keeps the Confucian maxims always before the eye of the whole Chinese race. They are employed with varied iteration in all primary text-books, and the classics themselves form the sole and sufficient staple of all Chinese learning. It is an integral part of the theory that only the wise and the able should rule. The object of the elaborate civil service examinations is to determine who the wise and the able are.

The fifth element is *the presentation of an ideal or princely man* as the model on which every Confucianist should form his character. The influence of this ideal upon the unnumbered millions of Chinese Confucianists must have been measure-

less. Confucius enounced the Golden Rule in a negative form, but he affirms in the same connection that he himself had not attained to it. This places before all followers of the sage the ambition to live up to the high level which the master himself had not reached. Self-examination is inculcated by the precepts and by the example of the greatest rulers and wise men of antiquity. No nation, no race, was ever better outfitted with admirable moral precepts than the Chinese.

The last element of the six, only less distinctly Chinese than the others, is *filial piety*. This includes not only that meaning naturally suggested to Orientals, but a great deal more, and in especial the worship of ancestors, which is the real religion of the Chinese people. It is perhaps the most potent among several causes which have perpetuated the Chinese race as a unit through all the millenniums of its vast history. It is itself an illustration of the saying of an emperor of a famous dynasty more than a thousand years ago, that Confucianism is adapted to the Chinese people as water to the fish.

To those who believe that all truth is in its origin one, there need be no hesitation in admitting that the sages who uttered the principles underlying the Confucian tenets were in a sense divinely illuminated. Theirs was not the inspiration which we find in the Christian Scriptures, but they saw clearly profound, far-reaching, and eternal truths.

Thus far we have spoken only of theoretical Confucianism. It is of importance to remember that Confucius was in no sense the founder of the system which goes by his name. He himself declared that he was not an originator, but a transmitter. It was his glory to have caught all the rays of light coming from the dim past, and to combine them into one torch which has ever since lit up the Chinese path. But there was a Confucianism before Confucius; Taoism, or Rationalism, which has been its sole native rival, has to some extent modified Confucianism by interaction. Taoism taught the art of reducing nature by processes analogous to European alchemy, and the possibility of an elixir of life, thus attaining immortality. Yet this must always be the reward of the few. Buddhism, invited to

China by an emperor more than six hundred years after the birth of Confucius, attempted to fill the void in the human heart which longs for salvation and for a savior. The success of this misty and chameleon faith among the millions of hard-headed, practical Chinese has been phenomenal. For ages Confucianism was its bitter foe, but as a matter of fact these three discordant contradictories have been interblended in a way perhaps elsewhere unexampled on this earth. Temples are found all over the empire in which the founders of the "three religions" stand side by side, and by perpetual repercussion for several hundred years the maxim that the three doctrines are one has come to be almost as much believed as the doctrines themselves. The same circumstance has resulted in such a complex of faith, in three sets of tenets which are, in Hamiltonian phrase, "impossible," as to confound those Occidental statisticians who insist upon supposing that every man must either believe something or believe something else; whereas a Chinese believes, or supposes that he believes, something *and* something else.

The reader who has followed the foregoing abstract of the most recent exposition of Confucian doctrine is prepared to judge in how many essential particulars it fails to give light. Its Shang Ti is remote and out of relation with mankind. He is not a Father, and the people are not allowed to worship him. Prayer is a ceremony by which evils are avoided and blessings insured. Polytheism is not only sanctioned, but necessitated. There is no explanation of sin and no remedy for it. For those to whom the ideal is inaccessible there is no salvation. Mere example is elevated into a force sufficient to keep the race on the right path. There is no explanation of its failure to do so, and no remedy for the failure. Ancestral worship is equivalent to the enlargement of the Chinese Pantheon to include all dead parents. This rite takes precedence of all others, and leads to the indefinite and reckless propagation of millions of persons for whose support there is no adequate provision. To this end polygamy, with all its immeasurable woes, is a practical necessity. Confucianism subordinates the children to the parents as

long as the parents live, and prevents the normal development of those thus conditioned. The highest result of an ideal Confucian life is a cold formalism, and its inevitable tendency is to foster exaggerated self-esteem. It has resulted in the practical deification of its leading sages, but no one has any hope of reproducing their example in practice. It is a current saying that there are but two ideal men—one is dead, the other not yet born! This aphorism aptly voices the hopelessness of Confucianism.

Judging from a background of twenty-five years' acquaintance with China, one may pass through four distinct stages in his estimate of Confucianism. Coming to it from the atmosphere of a study of comparative religion, he is prepared to find it the best system ever devised by the mind of man for solving the problems of the race. He reveres the sages, and is anxious to conserve all that is good in their teaching. After some years of experience he becomes alive to the cavernous depths of sorrow and misery for which Confucianism has no help and no sympathy. The hollowness of its high-sounding but empty verbiage grates upon the ear, and he is weary of suspicion and insincerity masquerading in the garments of antiquity.

By this time a renewed observation of the actual state of the Occidental world serves to restore the balance of judgment. He there beholds many evils which are not forced to the front in China, and he recognizes the fact that there is no such unity of thought in any Western land in regard to ideals as there is in China. After a prolonged contemplation of the restless world at large, he returns to China full of generous hopefulness that his former opinions may have been overdrawn. But a re-examination of all the phenomena which he sees, a reperusal of the data upon which previous judgments were formed, inevitably lead to a more emphatic reaffirmation of the proposition that Confucianism is a spent force. Its golden age is in the past, while the outlook of every Christian land is toward the morning dawn of a bright future. After listening to the varied eloquence of the speakers at the Parliament of Religions, one is compelled to ask, What, after all,

is the essential difference between the Orient and the Occident? We believe it to be this: In the former, when things are as bad as they can be, they get worse; in the Occident they slowly tend to an improvement. Confucianism has within it no further energy for the evolution of good, but it is a powerful conserving influence. China is in a far sounder con-

dition morally than was the Roman Empire in the time of Christ. We believe that China is sounder morally than Mohammedan Turkey, or than polyglot, metaphysical India. But, great as has been its work, Confucianism is inert. It is dead. Sooner or later it must give way to something stronger, wiser, and better.

Conversations with Educated Hindus

By the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D.

WE are *en route* for Hong Kong and Yokohama, but pause for the day at the French port of Saigon in Cochin China.¹ Here an opportunity seems to be open for me to fulfill a promise to write something about my experiences in India. We have not yet altogether escaped that land of wonders. Our ship is unloading immense boxes of Benares opium, and the Moslem money-changer who has just offered me Mexican silver dollars for French or British gold is from Tranquebar, where Ziegenbalg, the Danish missionary, began his heroic efforts to evangelize India, nearly two hundred years ago. But we carry the land of the Vedas also in our vivid and grateful memories, and some of these recollections would better be written out before they are blurred by the brilliancies of the Japanese spring to which we are hastening.

India has meant for me a variety of interesting and, I hope, useful opportunities. We landed on the Apollo Bunder in Bombay December 15, and sailed from Colombo March 15. During these three months it has been my privilege to deliver more than a hundred addresses to tens of thousands of educated Hindus. Most of these were lectures on the claims of Christianity to be the World-Religion, and very many of my hearers were men who never attend a Christian service. Then I had also the opportunity of seeing much of mission work, and I may say that I saw nothing which appeared to me better than the work of the American missionaries in Bombay and Ahmednagar, Lahore and Vellore, Madura and Pasumalai. Furthermore, as our travels reached many

parts of India, and carried us five times across the peninsula, I was able to make wide observations of practical and popular Hinduism, that dreadful morass, that demon-haunted jungle, in which the millions of India have lost almost everything—hope, happiness, progress, moral elevation, and true spiritual life.

Besides all this, the last three months have yielded many opportunities of becoming personally acquainted with the religious views of educated Indians, through private conversation and otherwise. A great amount of literature has been put into my hands, and hundreds of friendly callers have given me some intimations of their intellectual convictions. At the many receptions by which the hospitable Hindus so generously and courteously manifest their friendly welcome to a friendly stranger, or in the speeches made by Hindu chairmen and others at my public lectures, or at conversaciones, I have come into living contact with the kindly, acute, and restless Hindu spirit. I have met strong dissent from some of my opinions now and then. But usually my Hindu friends have preferred either to state their own highest views, or to furnish an apology for those features of Hinduism which are most repellent to the Christian. Several things struck me which are worth recording. While I met fine examples of Hindu intelligence and culture, I met very few who seemed to me equal, or who would be regarded by those who know them better than I as equal, in intellectual force and accomplishment, to quite a number of the Christian scholars whom I have known in America, Great Britain, and Germany. Never once did I hear the claim, which has been circulated in the

¹ This article was written last April.—THE EDITORS.

United States, that India has to-day unsurpassed teachers, "Masters" who have completely solved the problems still baffling the Western mind.

Nor did I find Hinduism a definite system of religion whose fundamental principles can be easily determined. I endeavored, with very poor success, to secure written answers from leading Hindus of Calcutta and Madras to my inquiry, "What are the fundamental theological principles of Hinduism as distinct from its philosophical principles and its social system?" In all cases but one the replies were vague, evasive, or unsatisfactory. Vivekananda's Hinduism was laughed at by the pundits of Benares. "He cannot teach, he never has learned." I secured one fine response from the able Professor of Hindu Philosophy in Queen's College, Benares. He said: "The fundamental principles of Hinduism are these: The unity and personality of God, the reality of the soul, the reality of the world, and the need of a revelation of Divine Mercy in order that man may come into unity with God." I told him that this was Christianity. It need not be said to any student of Indian thought that this pundit's creed is at wide variance not only with several prevailing schools of Hindu philosophy, but also with most of the actual manifestations of Hinduism. One peculiarity noticed by me, and still more evident to the Christians who for years have come in contact with the Hindu mind, is that Indian thinkers are widely and hopelessly divided. It is doubtless very useful to study Hinduism at first hand, but it must not be forgotten that it is European scholarship which has opened up to the world and to the Hindus themselves the thorough study of the Eastern Scriptures; and for a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of any subject so vast and difficult as the Hindu systems our chief dependence is still on European and American scholarship. It is not safe to trust utterly the guidance of the Hindu fancy, or to put great reliance upon intellects which are so little troubled by contradictions and absurdities. Of course there are notable exceptions in such careful scholars as Dr. Bhandarkar, of Poona. I may tell right here a brief story which throws light on some of these things. The late Ramkrishna Paramahansa was called

by one of his disciples, in talking with me in Calcutta, "the greatest man of the nineteenth century." He is believed by some to have greatly influenced Keshub Chunder Sen. He was the religious teacher, the guru, of Vivekananda. Max Müller dubs him "a true Mahatma." The learned Oxford professor told me that he asked Vivekananda if Ramkrishna knew Sanscrit. The answer at first was evasive, but finally he said, "When Ramkrishna was in the jungle as an ascetic, a beautiful woman came down from heaven and taught him the language." Max Müller's very natural reply was, "Nonsense! The only way to learn Sanscrit is to get a grammar and a dictionary and go to work."

Some odd and amusing things came out in my recent experience. On one occasion I had a visit from two young Brahmans who prepared the way for their mission by sending a letter informing me that they had made up their minds to change their religion and become Christians—after their arrival in America! The conversation developed the fact that they hoped that Christians would pay their way to our country, that they knew little of Christianity, that they had read part of the New Testament in English and were not aware of the existence of a Marathi translation, and that they really had no conception of the moral attitude and spiritual change required by the Gospel of Christ. After one of my lectures in Poona on the world-wide effects of Christianity, the Hindu chairman endeavored to break the force of whatever impression had been made by eulogizing the superior ethics, not of Hinduism, but of Buddhism, and especially its doctrine of universal gentleness and love! One of my Brahman friends told me at great length of the inconveniences he experienced from being a Brahman. I had been urging him to travel in America. He said that he could scarcely afford to travel in India. A Brahman servant must be sent on before him to prepare for his rest and food; Brahman servants must accompany him; he must make suitable offerings at all shrines visited, etc. "To take a trip like yours through India," he said, "would cost me three thousand rupees." He believed that caste was speedily doomed. Coming down from the famous temple of

Parbati, near Poona, I fell into conversation with a young fakir smeared with cow-ashes, who was preparing his breakfast on the hillside. He spoke such good English that I asked him where he was educated. He mentioned one of the schools in Calcutta. I inquired of him why he became a fakir. He said it was the only way open to him for a livelihood. This reminded me of the old saying that the Boston man, when he has failed in everything else, falls back for a living on the immortal soul! Recognizing in my friend the fakir something of this spirit of the Boston Brahman, I dropped a few copper coins into his bowl. Instantly the ashy face of the youthful saint flushed with indignation. His eyes sparkled, and he said: "You, a gentleman, and give me only that!" As I added a piece of atoning silver, I inquired: "How much should I give?" The quick answer was: "My fare to Colombo!"

A delightful reception was offered by the Cosmopolitan Club of Bangalore. Several missionaries were also present, including the Rev. T. E. Slater, of the London Mission Society, whose work lies entirely among educated Hindus. Our kindly hosts gave us some light refreshments in a room by ourselves. They, of course, were not able to eat with us. Then came the usual garlands and a brief address of welcome. After a few words of response I began to carry out the plan which had been agreed to, namely, that I should ask our entertainers a series of questions in regard to Hinduism. This and the replies and my closing remarks occupied perhaps an hour. My first inquiry was this: "What Hindu Scriptures do you regard as most authoritative?" The Upanishads were mentioned first, and I believe after them the Rig Veda and the Bhagavadgita. The inquiries which followed related mostly to salvation—what they meant by salvation, and how it was to be obtained. The replies developed the wide divergence of their ideas from the Christian, and the fact that an experience of divine forgiving grace, through which the soul is cleansed from the sense of guilt, was not a personal experience with them.

In southern India, during the last few months, the religious excitement has been almost unprecedented. On the 20th of

February the Triplicane Hindu Club of Madras gave me, at eight o'clock in the morning, what I supposed was to be a reception. Word had come to me that I was expected to speak on the Columbian Fair and its Congresses. As, in company with the Rev. F. W. Kellett, I alighted from the carriage, an officer of the Club said that they had a few questions which they desired to put to me. The room was packed with perhaps a hundred and fifty Hindus, many of them lawyers or vakils, barefooted, very lightly dressed on account of the intense heat, and many of them nearly naked to the waist. I had already given in Madras several lectures. It soon became apparent that this meeting was held to furnish an opportunity of exploiting Hinduism. The table behind which I sat was covered with papers and books, among which I recognized my "History of the Parliament of Religions." Next to me was a well-known pundit, S. P. Aiyangar, a member of my Reception Committee, his forehead, like those of many in the Club, painted with the marks of his god. Without any introduction the inquisition opened. With book and pencil in hand the pundit began his prepared questions, and soon the shrewd lawyers jumped to their feet to put in additional inquiries or contest the replies which had been made. The first question related to some noble sentiments in the Bhagavadgita, and to the claim that such sentiments were as truly inspired as similar ones found in the New Testament. It appeared to me strange that, being familiar with my lectures, they doubted my holding to the world-wide area of revelation. The next inquiry, to which the spokesman did not wait for an answer, was this: "Since Christ on the cross prayed for his enemies, and since his prayer must have been heard, was not Judas saved?" I was told of one missionary who had replied affirmatively, and then the questioner hastened to read a selection from Macaulay's Essay on Milton, wherein the famous essayist wrote that even when images in the cathedrals have been destroyed, the images in the mind sometimes remain. This led to a prolonged discussion of idolatry, which had as its remarkable result a bold championship of India's idol-worship. This is not the usual position of educated Hin-

dus, and some of my Christian friends assure me that the defenses were not altogether sincere. I quoted some other things that Macaulay had written, especially his condemnation of the hideous theology of India, and his over-sanguine prophecy that English education would abolish idolatry in Bengal in thirty years. One vakil rose and said: "When Jesus was walking with his disciples, they saw a dead and decaying dog, from which the disciples turned away in horror. But Jesus said, 'How beautiful are his teeth!'" He added that Christians were taught by this to find the good and beautiful rather than the foul and ugly in other religions. I replied: "The story is not found in the Gospels, but the legend illustrates a truth which I believe in practicing. And I will not seize the opportunity which you have furnished of calling Hinduism a dead and decaying dog, in which only the grinning teeth are beautiful!" I spoke of my distress in witnessing the debasing forms of idolatry prevalent in Benares and elsewhere. One young lawyer rose and quoted a recent apology for idolatry furnished in one of the addresses of Vivekananda. The idol was a symbol of a god, and brought the divine nearer. "But," I said, "you do not think it elevating for human beings to crawl through the filth of a temple and to kiss the tail of a cow, as I have seen them do?" The quick-witted lawyer was on his feet instantly, and said: "I think it is a great deal better to kiss the tail of a cow than to kill the cow and eat her!" There was a burst of laughter at this sally, in which Mr. Kellett and I joined. I did not say in reply that the killing and eating of cows to give nourishment to the human body did not appear to me any worse than the Hindu's killing of goats before the black and hideous stone image of Kali; I simply replied: "The eating of cow's flesh is not confined to Christians. After the first session of the Parliament of Religions I went with Vivekananda to the restaurant in the basement of the Art Institute, and I said to him, 'What shall I get you to eat?' His reply was, 'Give me beef!'" This little story had the effect of a thunderbolt, and the consternation and silence were profound. My friends did not sail any further up that creek!

I made the claim that there was no

necessity of keeping the common people of India any longer, nor was there ever any necessity of holding them, in the debasing kindergarten of polytheistic idolatry. I claimed that God, who is spirit, can be worshiped by all in spirit and in truth. The pundit leader claimed that the idols of the mind were abiding, and that God could only be worshiped under the form of images, real or mental. This I denied, and affirmed that when I most truly worshiped God I had no image of a magnified man before me, but, rather, recognized God as an indwelling, personal love. Finally I was able to rise above the storm of questions and take my innings in earnest. By this time I was considerably awake, though the hour was early. And for thirty minutes I spoke to them of America, of the Christian principles which entered into our life, of our intelligent common people, of the national patriotism and public spirit, and of municipal pride, all of which went into the making of the Columbian Exposition. I spoke of the material glories of that Fair and then of the Congresses which were its spiritual side, and of the Parliament of Religions, and of the generosity, tolerance, and fraternity which characterized it. I told of the warm feeling which America has to all who are struggling for liberty and for truth, and of her desire to communicate the very best which she has to the whole world. And, as I rose to depart, the better and more gracious side of human nature came out in the three cheers which were heartily given for the "President of the Parliament of Religions"! But the pundit was determined to fire one more shot. "Before you go, I want you to assure us that you think that all men will finally be saved. We Hindus all believe this." I replied: "My Master does not encourage me to cherish such a hope. I do entertain a hope, however, for some who have not heard of the historic Christ. There are minds, like that of Socrates, naturally Christian. If I do not meet Socrates in heaven, I think it may be because I have not kept in the right road myself." And thus ended the two hours' conversazione, an outline of which I have endeavored to sketch.

Naturally there are some convictions which have been strengthened by recent

observations and experiences. Men may carry to India and endeavor to transplant there too much of Western theology. Still, a theology which leaves out the historic, divine Christ will carry little to India that is not found in Brahmoism. A careful and sympathetic study of Hinduism would be very valuable to many young missionaries. Intellectual controversy is of little service unless maintained with good nature and permeated with love and the spirit of tolerance. The evolution of Christianity is far from complete. And Christendom must be purified, and to a much greater extent unified, before the swiftest conquests of missions are possible. One of the chief obstacles in India to-day to the progress of the Gospel of Christ is the European Christian population of India. The detail's and specifications under this sentence would fill an entire article. Still, Christianity proves its divineness

by making remarkable advances in spite of all obstacles. Christian missionaries deserve our heartiest confidence and support, and their ranks should be largely and continuously augmented. America has some things to learn from India, and should not be unwilling to learn them. The study of Eastern Scriptures will bring into new radiance hidden beauties and treasures of our religion. But the idea that Western Christendom is to get any great original illumination from the mixtures of darkness and twilight to be met with in India is a miserable delusion. It is my hope that the lectureship so generously established by Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, and now welcomed by the varied communities of India, may prove a means of enlightenment both to the East and the West, and a new bond of genuine fraternity.

Saigon.

Books and the Children

By Adeline Knapp

THE sketch headed "Books and Dolly," which appeared in a recent issue of *The Outlook*, touches upon a subject that ought to lie nearest the heart of every one interested in the welfare of childhood.

But while we must all deplore the evil of bad taste in books, so common among our boys and girls, it is a question whether time may not be more profitably spent in going back of that evil to its initial cause, to see whether this may not be found elsewhere than among public libraries and careless librarians, bad as the latter may be for the literary guidance of youth.

Whoever visits a bookseller's shop during the holiday season must feel surprise at the enormous output of children's books that each season brings forth. If the visitor be thoughtful, a little examination of this output will change his surprise to consternation.

There is an idea abroad in the world that virtue so inheres in the printed page that to give a child a book is in itself a commendable act, no matter what the book, so it be written for children, may be. This idea has naturally created a

large and profitable market for children's books, a market of which producers and dealers have hastened to take advantage. As if this were not bad enough, our daily press, always alert to meet the "popular demand," has nearly everywhere established "The Children's Page" as a feature of the Sunday newspaper. The usual "page" of this sort, edited by a member of the staff, is about as elevating and wholesome a thing for childhood as might be expected to emanate from such a source.

As a result of this readiness to cater to the supposed taste of children, we have the vast sea of juvenile literature, so called, that exists to-day—a sea of puerile wash, across which the hapless little voyagers are early sent faring forth with no chart or compass to guide them. Small wonder that so many of them in after years put into the wrong port!

If its vacuous thought, its faulty English, and its offenses against art and taste were not enough to condemn it, the quantity alone of this literature renders it an evil. It is bad for a grown person, but far worse for a child, to be subject to the constant change of impressions that

results from reading many books in quick succession. Such reading dissipates mental energy. It weakens concentration and makes us restless, disquieted, insatiate in our demands for new diversion. The inveterate novel-reader hardly knows how to sit still.

As a matter of observation, the normal child, with appetite unspoiled by the literary excesses to which we invite him, does not naturally care for this juvenile literature, either as to its quantity or its quality. The average child has good literary taste and a pretty sturdy literary digestion, until the one is depraved and the other weakened by the literary spoon-victuals we provide for him. Who having anything to do with unspoiled children does not know how faithful they are to a few good stories? They want to hear them over and over again, and are promptly critical of any new candidate for favor. It seems as though this characteristic of childhood were designed for the young soul's protection, and its significance should be heeded. It is a desperate mistake to fancy that anything but the best in literature is safe to offer to the very young child. Taste and tendency are so easily made or marred that a child's associates among books should be few and choice. We should not willingly permit a little one to be much with mental weaklings; yet we see without anxiety the intimate association of children with feeble-minded books.

There is always the question of what a child *should* read, or have read to him. Some thinkers advocate only reading collateral to school studies. Others would have the children read only history. Still others would give them only "science made easy;" and there are a great many who believe that children should read nothing but facts, who frown upon the Santa Claus myth, and who would banish fairy tales from existence, forgetful that truth has her dwelling as surely in these as in the baldest scientific statements. There must be serious objections to any system of reading that draws hard and fast lines. Your true book-lover cannot read by rule; for books, like pictures or people, repel or attract us very much as our mood determines, and, according to this, largely help or hinder us.

We have had an era, happily passing,

of decrying imagination as a weed to be carefully uprooted from the child-garden, lest it lead the young human being astray. There is no virtue known to humanity that, carried too far, may not become a vice; but, speaking broadly, it is the *un*-imaginative child who gets into mischief; the child whose undeveloped imagination cannot project itself into the consequences of an act. Equally it is the unimaginative mind that finds its stimulus in the exciting inventions, usually wholly lacking in the imaginative touch that gives the stamp of literature, of the weak novel. Imagination is the chief source of human activity, the very mainspring of human progress. If man's imagination did not picture to him better moral and political conditions than he enjoys, we should have no effort toward reform.

It is very desirable, therefore, that the earliest literature brought to the child's mind should be of a sort to stimulate the imagination and to call out the judgment. Nothing is better adapted to do this than the fairy tale, with its poetic narrations and fancies, and its direct appeal to the young judgment as to the right or the wrong, the wisdom or the folly, of the acts recounted. Every time a child in his reading forms an independent opinion as to these, he adds something to his own power of discrimination. The great world-epics and old ballads are an important part of childhood's rich literary heritage, and that child is sorely defrauded who is not early made acquainted with them. There is something in their simple directness and out-of-door freshness to which the child nature responds, and they are in line with the way the child looks at life.

The poetry that children love should teach us something about the young natures and their literary needs. Most of the verse written for them is very little to their liking, but we may early begin reading classic poetry to them. We do not find them caring particularly for those poems about childhood that are so popular to-day and so delightful to grown people; that which is boundless, mysterious, cosmic, pleases them more. They love stately, sonorous measures, and the swift, mighty action of heroic verse. Every child to whom they come before his taste is spoiled rejoices in the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Nibelungenlied," and I

have known a number of children for whom the "Inferno" had a great fascination.

The child whose taste receives an early bent towards the true in literary art will not be likely to care very much for the waste of printed commonplace that we call juvenile literature. The trouble is that to start the little one right takes more time and thought than most of us consider it necessary to give. Those of us who have the care of children, and who think we have their interests at heart, are largely to blame for the quality of the great mass of reading matter provided for them. Children should be read to, at the start, and most of us do not take the trouble to do this. Mothers spend hours in contriving personal adornment for their

children, but have no time to read with them. Crowding temporal needs, self-multiplied, make us blind and deaf to the higher needs. The foundation for good taste is in every child's nature, but the superstructure must be begun before he can himself read. We neglect this, and think we have done our duty if, when he can read, we give him what we suppose he can understand.

Such a children's literature as we have to-day has not the mutual interest for old and young that books should have to be good; and, more often than not, when children begin to read they and their elders grow apart intellectually, and so begins the pitiful divergence of ways that never really meet again this side of death.

Flying Without Wings

By C. F. Holder

ONE of the most interesting sights one observes in Southern California waters is a flock of flying fishes in the air; not one or two, but often fifty or one hundred, ten or twenty feet from the water, lifted by the wind and whirling away like quail or a flock of insects, scintillating in the sunlight—a startling picture. The fish appear to be flying, but they are simply one variety of many animals which apparently fly without wings. The writer has had these fliers pass within a foot of his face, and has known several persons who have been struck by them; but while the fishes dash through the air and cover distances of an eighth of a mile out of water, they are not strictly fliers, as they have no power to move the wings, as in legitimate flight. The wings are merely enormously developed fins, the pectorals resembling wings, with powerful branches or veins, the anals being smaller. The fish, then, has not four wings in the strict acceptance of the word, but four wing-like fins which it holds firmly, and which serve as sails or parachutes, bearing it up against the current which it forms as it rushes along. In this way these fish fly or soar for long distances.

In the Gulf of Mexico there is a fish known as the flying gurnard, a really magnificent creature, which bounds into the

air when alarmed, spreading its wide pectoral fins and darting away like some gorgeous insect. It has vivid colors of blue, purple, and red, while its large wing-like fins sparkle and gleam in the sun as though they were inlaid with gems. This flier possesses a singular armor, its head being incased in bone, so that a blow from the fish in its headlong flight through the air is liable to result seriously. There are instances known of men being knocked down and stunned by them.

Certain fishes have the faculty of propelling themselves into and through the air in other ways. Such is the large gar of the South Pacific, which, when alarmed, bounds from the water by a twist of its tail and goes whizzing away, a living arrow and a dangerous one. When the ship Challenger made her famous trip around the world, the naturalists on board had many opportunities to observe this flier without wings. One struck the cap of an officer, and several instances came to the notice of the naturalists of fishes which had struck natives who were wading in the water, inflicting fatal wounds.

The most perfect fliers without wings are found among the mammals and reptiles. One of the lizards has a peculiar frill connecting its limbs; this frill is braced by a series of false ribs. When the lizard wishes to escape from some

enemy, it darts into the air and soars away downward, upheld for a long distance by the side wings which are boomed out by the false ribs. The little animal now resembles a large dragon-fly, its rich metallic colors and tints flashing in the sunlight. On it rushes, making a graceful curve, rising and grasping the trunk of a tree, when it seems to disappear, so close is the protective resemblance. If still followed by some bird enemy, it will repeat the action, continually dipping down and rising, ultimately escaping.

The flying squirrel well illustrates this curious faculty of soaring like a bird. Its fore and hind limbs are connected by a web of flesh that hangs in a wrinkle when the animal is at rest, and would not be noticed; but the moment the little creature darts into the air and moves away the pure white parachute wing-like arrangement is seen. It catches the wind or rushing air as the squirrel bears down, and seems to expand and extend outward, taking the little flier safely upward, and enabling it to cross long distances and reach another point of vantage.

The flying lemur is one of the largest and most remarkable examples of this device of nature. Here not only are the limbs connected by a web, but the tail and hind legs are booms for fleshy, furlined sail, so that the lemur, with its young clinging to it, leaps boldly into the air and darts away, swooping down with great velocity, rising again to grasp a branch or trunk, to rush to the topmost

bough and launch itself again into space. In this way a lemur will, if followed persistently, cover miles in a forest, and, as a rule, escape its enemies. The grace, ease, and facility with which these flights are made is more than remarkable. The animal has but to extend its limbs, as one intuitively does in diving or swimming, and plunge down into space.

The islands of Sumatra and Borneo have produced some remarkable fliers of this kind. A party of explorers in passing through a forest one day saw what they supposed to be a bird swooping down from a limb. A native was sent in pursuit of it, but the creature rose at the end of its flight and alighted upon a tree, up which it seemed to crawl, then flung itself into the air again. It was finally captured after a long chase, proving to be a large tree-toad. Instead of wings it had large elastic webs between its toes, which caught the air as it dashed away, buoying it up and acting as parachutes. The feet of the animal resembled those of a gull or a duck, so far as the webs were concerned, the four little parachutes offering surface sufficient to bear up the animal in its long flights from tree to tree.

A spider with a flying or soaring apparatus has been discovered. On each side of the abdomen extends a triangular lobe which catches the wind when the spider leaps into the air, aiding its flight to some extent, and well illustrating this remarkable method of flying without wings.

To a Forest Bird

By Charles A. Keeler

Tell me, oh tell me, lone bird in the forest,
 Outpouring the melody pent in thy breast,
 What secret is hid in the song thou adorest,
 What passion still lingers within, unexpressed.

Tell me, oh tell me, why sadness and yearning
 Are mingled so plaintively deep in thy song;
 O birdling, sweet spirit, thy voice is but learning
 How weary is waiting, and loving how long!



Books and Authors

Mahan's Life of Nelson¹

Captain Mahan has produced in this work far and away the best life of Nelson that has thus far appeared, not so much because it is the most judicious interpretation of Nelson's perplexing personality, but because it is at the same time the most appreciative study of the part that Nelson played in the great struggle between the land power and the sea power which culminated in the battles of the Nile, Trafalgar, and Waterloo. The work is more than a biography; it is a study of the greatest accomplishment of the British navy after a century of steady development, and of the influence of sea power upon history in the period of its greatest success. The account, therefore, becomes, not an isolated narrative, but a part of a greater whole; not the last term of a series, but the concluding act of a great drama in which, with remarkable fitness, the hero passes from the stage at the acme of his success, and the British naval supremacy rounds out its long career of efficiency in a mighty victory. History furnishes few occasions more grandly dramatic than that day in Trafalgar Bay, when the long struggle between France and England for the possession of the sea and the lands beyond came to an end, and Napoleon, the embodiment of the land power as Nelson was of the sea, was driven from the ocean, and was compelled to take up in his duel with England a commercial war which in the end ruined him.

But were Captain Mahan's life of Nelson no more than this, it would be but an expansion of the chapters devoted to Nelson in "The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire." This, however, is not the case; the work is history, but it is also biography; it is a study of the times, but it is also a study of the man. To his task as a biographer Captain Mahan brings some exceptional qualities: he has a mind well trained in historical inquiry, accustomed to view historical questions judicially and without bias; as an American naval officer he is able to study the subject without that national feeling which has colored such biographies as those of Southey and Clark Russell. Furthermore, he writes at a long distance from the events he narrates; at a time when the material for a study of Nelson's private life has largely increased, when a judgment can be rendered safely, whether it be favorable or otherwise, and when the world is willing to listen with attentive ear to an honest and just rendering of the career and character of the greatest naval hero of modern times.

Hitherto lives of Nelson have been written by Englishmen, even the latest of whom, Professor Laughton, critical and acute as his treatment is from the standpoint of naval warfare, is far less successful in his portrayal of the greater political issues at stake, and less sympathetic in his treatment of Nelson's personality.

The very advantages of Captain Mahan's presentation entail certain inevitable drawbacks, which to the reader needing to be attracted by tricks of style may seem serious faults. The very judiciousness and impartiality of the treatment has made a dramatic presentation impossible, except so far as the subject is in itself dramatic. In our author's work there is no special pleading, no infusing of the writer's personality into his paragraphs. The treatment is measured, exact, and psychologically profound. We are at no point roused to anger or to any pitch of enthusiasm. Nevertheless, we are thoroughly interested in the well-ordered narrative, in the cogent analyses and the effective marshaling of the facts. More than all else, we are convinced, not by argument, but by simple statement and by honest conclusion. We feel honor awarded where honor is due; we share in Nelson's glory; we quicken with the touch of battle-fever as we read the accounts of the victories of the Nile, of Copenhagen, of Trafalgar. On the other hand, we acquiesce in our author's severe arraignment of his hero, of those events of Nelson's other life which stir us against the man. On the quarter-deck Nelson was a giant; in the Neapolitan Court and in the company of Lady Hamilton he was morally a pygmy, wanting in those manly qualities which make for greatness. And yet, above all—and perhaps it is the subtlest part of Captain Mahan's achievement—we pity him; we reach the conclusion of the work with a feeling of highest admiration for his genius, of sorrow for his follies and his errors.

To the professional knowledge that has made Captain Mahan's previous works on sea power authorities of first rank on naval strategy, and to the historical insight that has made them indispensable to every student of European history in the eighteenth century, must now be added a power of analysis, an appreciation of motives, a genius for personal description, that will give our author a new place in the world of letters. It is one thing to trace the evolution of a great supremacy, to point out wherein lies the genius to command, to picture vividly the movements of ships in battle; it is quite another thing to trace the evolution of a great personality, to dissect the workings of human hearts, to present questions that confound every student of ethics and to answer them so honestly that the answer cannot

¹ *The Life of Nelson: The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain.* By Captain A. H. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. Two volumes. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$8.

be gainsaid. To do this successfully is an achievement of the highest order. Few lives present so many pitfalls for the unwary biographer. In meting out due praise for great things accomplished there is danger of minimizing the blame deserved for breaches of the moral laws; in justly condemning the weaknesses of the man there is danger of rendering less than the highest deserts for the unparalleled genius of the admiral. But Captain Mahan holds the balance even. He is neither eulogist nor apologist. He fully realizes that it is in the contrast of the exaltation of the hero and the patriot with the degradation of the man that makes up the tragedy and the misery of Nelson's story, and he treats each part with a firm devotion to the cause of truth. In this respect his work is an ideal biography. It may not rouse patriotic fervor, it may not attract readers who delight in panegyric and hero-worship, it may not appeal to those minds that desire a narrative colored by all the arts of the orator, or illustrated with those brilliant pen-pictures that have made the names of Macaulay and Froude to stand as types of a certain class of historical writers. But it will attract those readers who, needing no such allurements, enjoy a story profoundly interesting in itself and made the more attractive by its respect for accurate scholarship, its convincing honesty of purpose, and its honorable appreciation of all that was grand and noble in a life that will always remain the pride of the people of the British Empire.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending July 2. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. Frank Stockton long ago amusingly set forth the plight of the author who has made one phenomenal success, and finds that public and publishers thereafter have no patience with anything inferior from his pen. The late George du Maurier made a wonderful artistic success with "Peter Ibbetson," a still more startling popular success with "Trilby;" it would be marvelous indeed if his third novel should leave its mark on the public mind as strongly as its predecessors. And, to still further make this unlikely, the author undertakes for the third time to introduce an imaginative element depending on newly invented laws of nature, or (as in "Trilby") on an extraordinary application of a little-known law. The "dreaming true" of Peter Ibbetson was a beautiful, consistent, highly imaginative conception; the hypnotizing of Trilby by Svengali was useful in the story, and was carried out ingeniously; the inspiration of the hero of *The Martian* by a spirit from Mars fails to convince. But though "The Martian" is vastly inferior in

story-interest to its predecessors; though the single character whom the author has strenuously labored to make beloved fails to convince us of his reality; although the reader finds the singing of this "Barty's" praises by author, supposed chronicler, and a chorus of others a trifle monotonous and tiresome—still there remains not a little to interest and entertain. Here, as before, Du Maurier has called to his aid his own experiences in school, in art life, in society, and in curious and now bygone phases of life in France. The best pages of the book are those in which the author's individuality is most prominent. There are many charming passages, many delightful reminiscences; the reader is admitted in a free and friendly way into a world of good-fellowship, and makes one of a cheerful, witty, and unconventional society. Who but Du Maurier, for instance, would have thought of casually introducing himself into the plot under his own name? Who but he could have chatted with such flavor and local color of French boyish experiences, of German watering-places, of London clubs, of English country life, of studio gossip, of music-lovers' talk—the whole interspersed with bits of odd French, outworn London slang, or apt lines from German lyrics; in short, who else could have made such an *olla podrida* of spicy literary morsels, grateful to the taste and of easy digestion? Moreover, the book is imbued with the spirit of a high-minded and unselfish man—a well-wisher to his fellow-men, and a lover of the true, the beautiful, and the good. "The Martian" is not a great novel; hardly a good one as regards technique and plot; but it leaves its readers with a warm affection for this man of unique personality and sterling character. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Louis Tracy, in his "The Final War," combined the spirit and methods of Jules Verne and the author of the "Battle of Dorking." *An American Emperor* is an even more fantastic tale of an imaginary future. An American billionaire, to win the love of a French princess, forms the plan of irrigating the Sahara Desert (a project, by the way, which scientists have seriously discussed), of founding a great French colony, of buying up French politicians, and, finally, of becoming Emperor of France. If the reader wishes to know the result, he must read the book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)—The short stories of Far Western life by Ella Higginson, of which we lately spoke with appreciation, have been reprinted in better form by the Macmillan Company, under the new title *From the Land of the Sunrise*. Two or three new tales have been added. This author's work is rapidly becoming known as that of an acute observer, a strong character-delineator, and at times a true humorist.

Mr. Opie Read's *Bolanyo* has too much talk of no particular consequence, and not enough action, humor, and character. Harmless but dull. (Way & Williams, Chicago.)—From the same firm

comes Percival Pollard's *Dreams of To-Day*—story-sketches, many of which originally appeared in the "Chap-Book." They are somewhat over-mannered and mystically self-important, after the so-called *fin de siècle* fashion, but some of them have genuine feeling and strong analysis of motive. The publishers send out a long circular about the illuminated cover-design. The nude figure may or may not be good art (we think it is not), but its use in this way is certainly a sensational and objectionable way of compelling attention.

An English translation of M. Zola's "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon" has now appeared, under the title *His Excellency*. (The Macmillan Company, New York.) The translation has been supervised by Mr. Vizetelly, and is an excellent one. Some of the more objectionable passages of the original have been omitted, and the book as it stands is not the most unsavory of the Zola novels. It is almost an exception to these novels, as it deals with characters whose rank in society is higher than that of the "Nana" variety. As a work of art it is not one of M. Zola's greatest achievements; it often lacks a dramatic unity. As a historical novel, however, it deserves to take prominent rank. The picture of the Second Empire is more realistic and rather more revolting than in M. Daudet's "Nabab." Eugène Rougon undoubtedly stands for Eugène Rouher, and the Count de Marsy is none other than the Duc de Morny.

The lovers of dogs and fields will enjoy the story of *Diomed*, by John Sergeant Wise. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.) Diomed, a setter dog, tells his own story of days in the hunting-field, and at his master's fireside, the family pet. Diomed was a close student of men and nature, and many are the wise comments and observations he makes in this story of his life experience, ending, as it deserved, surrounded by loving care. It is a sportsmen's book.

The name of Mrs. Jenness Miller on the title-page of a novel cannot fail to attract attention. The fact proves the versatility of the American woman. *The Philosopher of Driftwood* contains the latest society information, and, naturally, the female characters are faultlessly dressed. Mrs. Miller has not overcrowded her pages with characters, but she has supplied incident and events, and saved her readers from tragedy, unless a divorce which separates a mother and daughter may be termed a tragedy, when it is introduced to prove the writer's theory, and does not. (Jenness Miller Publications, Washington.)

A score of short stories, by as many of the alumnae and students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, are published in book form under the title of the *Daughters of Esculapius*. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.) The stories intentionally or unintentionally show how constantly the woman commands the doctor, try as she may to be wholly professional.

The first story, "The Genius-Maker," is a powerful and dramatic prophecy of a possible, if not probable, discovery.

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

We welcome *The Hymnal for Use in Congregational Churches*, notwithstanding its somewhat cumbersome title, not because we think denominational hymn-books are needed, for we think they are not, but because it indicates a growing demand on all sides for better hymns and church music in this country. The volume before us is an adaptation of the hymnal recently published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In typography it follows the model of "Hymns of the Faith," "In Excelsis," and "The Plymouth Hymnal," although not up to the standard of the latter. It is interesting to note that this Congregational denominational hymnal contains not only a large amount of music from the Established Church of England, but more than twenty hymns written by Unitarians. (The Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

Bases of Religious Belief, by Professor Charles Mellen Tyler, of Cornell, is a book of exceptional power. Part I. deals with the historic basis of religious belief, and Part II. with the bases found in the mental, moral, and spiritual nature of man, and the revelation of God in human progress. The scientific spirit of the book is as marked as its religious spirit. There is apparently no less faith that God made our minds than that he made our hearts, and the teachings of both are welcomed. The scholarship of the book is comprehensive, its thought vigorous, and its style attractive. The author modestly speaks of it as a book for "students." It is a book for students, but for students of mature years quite as much as for those in our colleges and seminaries. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL

Essays in Liberalism, by Six Oxford Men, contains a prefatory statement of no little interest. "Six years ago," it is stated, "undergraduate Oxford tended to be Tory or Socialist; since that time we have seen an extraordinarily strong Liberal movement absorb, with one or two remarkable exceptions, most of those who care for political discussions or debates." The contributors of the essays before us seem to have become a prominent part in this Liberal movement. They certainly possess the qualities to command an undergraduate following. Knowledge of political history, ability to state underlying principles with captivating precision, absolute certainty of faith, and enthusiasm for that faith, are all present in a high degree. At the same time, the conservative prepossessions of the academic world have so colored the Liberalism of this group as to make it exceptionally attractive to Oxford eyes. The continuity of Liberalism is sought in devotion to certain historical articles of Liberal creed rather

than in the perseverance of the spirit which has made the Liberal party the champion of the interests of the common people whenever these were plainly in conflict with the interests of the influential classes. The essayists expressly declare that the Liberal party is not the party of the poor against the rich, and deprecate its recent coquettings with Socialism. At the same time, they have enough of the old and the new Liberal spirit to indorse the public control of "natural" monopolies. It does not seem to occur to them that the distinction between "natural" monopolies and others which are establishing themselves whether we will or no is becoming shadowy, and that their present Liberal creed may soon become the creed of conservatism. However, there is no disputing that the authors are Liberals and that their essays are full of vigor and practical suggestiveness. (The Cassell Publishing Company, New York.)

EDUCATIONAL

The American Book Company in the issuing of the Eclectic School Readings confers a benefit on the school-children of America. These have made it possible for the children of America to become familiar with the best literature and authors. The last addition to this series, *Selections from the Arabian Nights*, will doubtless be the only medium of introduction to this wonderful classic of thousands of school-children in this country; for it must be remembered that the only library open to the majority of our school-children are the school-books of the years between six and fourteen. To give to children then a love of good books is to change the conditions of their lives.

Professor Ralph S. Tarr, of Cornell University, has published through the Macmillan Company, New York, a *First Book of Physical Geography*. The volume is profusely illustrated, some of the illustrations being good, and others poor. The work is an outgrowth of the author's "Elementary Physical Geography," and follows approximately the same order, namely, beginning with the atmosphere and then proceeding to consideration of the ocean and the land. To many, however, it will seem preferable to reverse this order.

HISTORY

The latest volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series has as its subject *Hannibal*, and is by Mr. William O'Connor Morris. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Mr. Morris's style is a pleasant one, and we turn over page after page of his book with a feeling that he knows how to describe one of the half-dozen greatest generals, and perhaps the most momentous contest in the history of man, with a nineteenth-century breadth of vision. This is partly attained by judicious comparisons—for instance, that of the House of Barca to the Nassaus; that of Hamilcar to William of Orange.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mr. Edwin James Dunning is the author of an interesting study of Shakespeare's sonnets and poems. The book is entitled *The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art*. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.) In an editorial preface by Mr. A. W. Stevens, we learn that Mr. Dunning was stricken with blindness some years since. When the world in which he had been so active faded from him, he discovered another world—that of imagination. He began to commit to memory the masterpieces of his favorite authors. He memorized the most striking Shakespeare sonnets, and when he began to discern a certain unity of thought running through them, he memorized the entire one hundred and fifty-four. The purpose of his book is to answer the question, Who was the nameless youth to whom the sonnets were addressed, and for what purpose were they written?

There is an ever-increasing number of books and pamphlets to aid the cause of woman's suffrage, but the anti-suffrage movement can hardly be said to have a literature, so recent is the organizing of the opposing sentiment. A few years ago the women in this country who oppose the granting of the suffrage began what may be called a campaign against it. This led to the appearance two years ago of the anti-suffragists of New York State in the Senate committee-rooms; to their appearance on platforms; and to the issuing of leaflets and pamphlets setting forth the reasons and the arguments against the granting of suffrage to women, or, as the anti-suffragists would say, the imposing of suffrage on women. The first book against woman suffrage has now appeared. It is *Women and the Republic*, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) It is a scholarly, dignified protest against woman's suffrage, based on what the author would call a historical argument. Mrs. Johnson believes that woman's suffrage is undemocratic; that the extension of the suffrage to women has in every case proved a detriment and a hindrance to the highest civilization; that as nations have progressed in civilization they have restricted the political rights of woman that her activities might concentrate in the home. She also believes that granting the suffrage to the women of America would destroy the Government. She meets, almost chapter by chapter, the arguments in defense of woman's suffrage advanced in the "History of Woman Suffrage," published in 1881-1885. When arbitration becomes the law of nations, one of Mrs. Johnson's strongest arguments will be swept away. The book shows a thorough knowledge of the political history of woman, and the results that have followed the extension of suffrage to her. So strong an advocate of either side of the question could not always be judicial, and there are statements that are open to criticism, and interpretations that are open to question.

Literary Notes

—A biography of the late Professor Huxley is being prepared by his son.

—It is announced that Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has undertaken, at the request of the author, a translation of M. Coubertin's "L'Évolution Française sous la Troisième République."

—"The Bookman" says: "We understand that Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has been discouraged by the persistent misconception of many readers and critics, intends to abandon the problems raised in his later novels, and to revert to his earlier manner. His new work is now nearly completed, but it will not be published for some time."

—The Boston Public Library has just issued a "Bibliography of the Higher Education of Women," compiled by a committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, under the editorial charge of Miss Mary H. Rollins, to whom mainly belongs the credit. Over 1,800 titles are here assembled, and copies are for sale at the library and the branches.

—In a private letter from which the Boston "Literary World" publishes a paragraph, R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," etc., says that to Americans the English language owes nearly all of its new expressions. He adds: "There does not seem to be left in us the power to hit out a new spark of language. We are like a lot of boys with their hands in their pockets, looking on at the blacksmith, and racing for his red chips."

—Mr. Montgomery Schuyler has the following pertinent paragraph in the "North American Review" regarding Mr. Kipling's "Seven Seas": "There is a society in London, ramifying throughout the British world, and devoted to 'Imperial federation,' which comprises a number of august personages; but it may be doubted whether it has achieved anything like so much for its purpose as the poems of Rudyard Kipling. He began to labor at it long ago in 'The Widow at Windsor' in the Atkins dialect, and he made a more express contribution to it in 'The English Flag,' which begins with a rebuke to English insularity: 'And what should they know of England who only England know?'"

—The New York "Sun" says that—

The controversy that has stirred up the two rival associations contending as to the best manner of preserving the Poe cottage at Fordham has increased the bar profits of the Fordham Hotel, if it has served no other purpose. It was at this hotel, according to local tradition, that Poe stopped and refreshed himself with whatever may have been the popular drink, and here also was the village post-office. The hotel has passed through many changes since that time, but it is still frequented by old Fordham people, who like to talk about Poe, and whose descriptions of him as a tottering old man do not fit the well-settled facts as to his life. In explanation of this discrepancy, it is said that along in the fifties there was an old man who found that by alleging that he was Poe he might drink at the expense

of the credulous, and to this day there are people who believe that he was what he claimed to be. No one knew what his business was, and he spent much of his time at the hotel "talking Shakespeare." The renewed interest in the Poe cottage has attracted to Fordham many bicycle-riders who are interested in Poe's work and find that a visit to his cottage makes a pleasant object for a ride. Some of the old Fordham people haven't been slow to profit by this fact, and they make extraordinary statements to boom the place. They assert that Poe wrote "The Raven" in this cottage, apparently forgetful of the fact that when he wrote it he was living in a house near what is now Eighty-fourth Street and the Boulevard. The cottage itself is well worth inspection, though there is no relic of Poe in it; and whatever may be the final decision of the two societies as to the preservation of this house, there is no doubt that the proprietor of the Fordham Hotel is their friend.

—The New York "Tribune" says:

The Clarendon Press at Oxford, one of the most austere houses of business in the world, has taken unto itself a magazine, all for its own purposes. It is called audaciously "The Periodical." "When I ope my lips, let no dog bark." But though it is plainly an advertising medium for the Clarendon Press, and a frank one, it is also amusing. Here is a skit quoted from "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine" and labeled "Truth Stranger than Fiction":

"You ask me, Fresher, who it is
Who rhymes, researches, and reviews,
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,
And sometimes for the 'Daily News';
Who jests in words that angels use,
And is most solemn with most slang;
Who's who—who's which—and which is whose?
Who can it be but Andrew Lang?"

ENVOY

"Fresher! he dwelt with Torpid Crews,
And once, like you, he knew the pang
Of Mods, of Greats, of Weekly Dues,
And yet he is an Andrew Lang!"

Books Received

For the week ending July 3

- AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
Stories from the Arabian Nights. 60 cts.
D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Johnson, Helen Kendrick. Woman and the Republic.
CASSELL & CO., NEW YORK
Essays in Liberalism. By Six Oxford Men. \$1.25.
HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Du Maurier, George. The Martian. \$1.75.
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Daughters of Æsculapius. By Alumnae and Students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. 75 cts.
LAMSON, WOLFFE & CO., BOSTON
Wise, John Sergeant. Diomed: The Life, Travels, and Observations of a Dog. \$2.
LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON
Dunning, Edwin J. The Genesis of Shakespeare's Art. \$2.
THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Higginson, Ella. From the Land of the Snow-Pearls. \$1.50.
Zola, Emile. His Excellency. \$1.50.
Tarr, Ralph S. First Book of Physical Geography. \$1.10.
JENNESS MILLER PUBLICATIONS, WASHINGTON
Miller, Mrs. Jenness. The Philosopher of Driftwood.
THE PILGRIM PRESS, BOSTON
The Hymnal for Use in Congregational Churches. \$1.35.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Tracy, Louis. An American Emperor. \$1.75.
Tyler, Charles M., D.D. Bases of Religious Belief, Historic and Ideal. \$1.50.
Morris, William O'Connor. Hannibal. \$1.50.
WAY & WILLIAMS, CHICAGO
Read, Opie. Bolanyo. \$1.25.
Pollard, Percival. Dreams of To-Day. 75 cts.
ROBERT LEWIS WEED CO., NEW YORK
Rue, Evol. Rosemary and Pansies.

The Religious World

Death of Mr. Halliday

The Rev. Samuel B. Halliday, whose death in the eighty-sixth year of his age was announced in last week's papers, will always be inseparably connected, in the history of the Church of America, with the name of Henry Ward Beecher. He was for many years Mr. Beecher's assistant in the work of Plymouth Church, performed almost the entire pastoral work of the great church, kept, with the aid of his daughters, the record of its ever-changing membership, took a prominent part in the administration of its charities, attended most of the funerals, and, in brief, in all personal and pastoral work was Mr. Beecher's *alter ego*. While Mr. Beecher was still living he prepared, with Mr. Beecher's approval, the material for a biographical volume, with the Rev. Lyman Abbott as his collaborator, and this volume is still one of the two semi-official biographies of the great preacher. It is doubtful whether biographical literature contains another illustration of so large and varied a number of great writers and preachers contributing their reminiscences and estimates of one of their own contemporaries, and this unique character of the Halliday Biography of Mr. Beecher, due in part to Mr. Beecher's versatile and many-sided character, is not less due to Mr. Halliday's faithfulness and assiduity. After Mr. Beecher's death Mr. Halliday resigned his position in Plymouth Church to take the pastorate of a Congregational Church in what was then the outskirts of Brooklyn. It was at the time worshipping in a store, without money, building, congregation, or apparent future. Mr. Halliday reorganized it as the "Henry Ward Beecher Memorial Church," and by his indefatigable labors, co-operated in by his two daughters, who have been closely associated with him in all his life-work, a church building was erected, as unique in its way as the biography, with contributions to it from innumerable quarters—Jewish, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and secular. After this building was completed and the debt upon it had been paid off through his labors, he resigned the pastorate, and for the past few years has been living quietly, an honored and picturesque figure, close to the church which, in companionship with Mr. Beecher, he had served so faithfully and so well. He leaves three children—one son and two daughters. His wife died about six years ago.

The Christian Endeavor Convention

At the date of writing the Christian Endeavor Convention in San Francisco is being held. It is one of the greatest conventions of this great Society. The railroad officials report that over 18,000 passengers passed Ogden, Utah, *en route* to attend the meetings. Those in con-

nection with the large numbers from Oregon, Washington, and California have probably swelled the assembly to 30,000 or more. Of course the chief figure in the gathering is the founder of the order, the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D. The address of welcome was delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor of the State in the absence of the Governor. The programme has been published so generally that we do not need to repeat it here. A special letter from a correspondent will be printed in The Outlook after the close of the Convention. In most of the churches of the city meetings are being held, and representatives of various denominations, from all parts of the land, are taking part in the proceedings. These conventions are unique in the history of American, and of the world's, Christianity. There have been vast assemblies of earnest and consecrated men; there have been convocations of one kind and another in the interest of one cause and another; but such assemblies of young people, attracted solely by their enthusiasm for the common Christian cause, are from every point of view unique. The enthusiasm and moral earnestness of those who attend cannot be questioned; the advantage along many lines of practical Christian work is beyond doubt. We do not wish to be understood as criticising the Society or its management when we say that the wisdom of such vast throngs, transported over such distances, associated under such peculiar circumstances, seems to many a matter worthy of serious consideration. Questions of practical importance cannot be wisely considered in mass-meetings. Deliberation in such bodies is an impossibility. The Christian Endeavor Society has already accomplished a wonderful work, but it is not unlikely that in the future it would do vastly more if, instead of such crowds as have been assembled in the past, there were to be a representative Congress in which all questions pertaining to the common work could be carefully and thoughtfully considered. Such a Congress should not number over five hundred. It would be easily handled and entertained, and would avoid the perils which constantly attend the meetings as now held. There would be some waning of enthusiasm, no doubt, but all that is of substantial value would surely remain.

The Northfield Meetings

News of the religious world in America, if it narrated solely what is occurring in religious circles within our own country during the months of July and August, would be largely limited to accounts of various summer assemblies. As we write, the meetings at Northfield are well under way, and Mr. Moody, with his contagious earnestness and

inspiring enthusiasm, is doing a noble work among students and Christian workers. When he leaves the field in which he is without a peer, and begins to act as judge in the sphere of theology, Mr. Moody commands little attention; but in the realm of practical Christianity no one is regarded with more consideration, and no one has earned the right to be listened to with more attention. He has gone for his speakers to other countries as well as this. Dr. Schauffler has spoken concerning work in the slums, and has strikingly compared the Bowery to a great university. This we think a very happy comparison, for the Bowery is a university indeed, in the interests of wickedness. No part of Mr. Moody's work at Northfield is more valuable than that among the students. It does a college man or woman good to be brought in contact with so earnest, practical, and godly a man. Others there are who can speak with equal authority concerning city or mission work, or even concerning some phases of revival work, but Mr. Moody alone seems to have the power of bringing together various classes, and uniting all in a common effort to discover the best method of advancing the kingdom of God. We should almost like to withdraw him for the remainder of his life from the evangelistic field, and have him spend his days in going from one theological seminary and from one college to another, to help those whose time is spent with theories to understand and appreciate the kind of activity which is demanded in the world of practical thought and life. Among the other speakers at Northfield have been Mr. John R. Mott, whose success among college students and as a leader of the Student Volunteer Movement is known to all our readers. Among other things, Mr. Mott stated that during the last year three thousand students were led to Christ through the work of the Association, and within nine years, through its influence, one thousand young men have gone out as missionaries. He is reported also to have made the statement that in Oklahoma University there is a larger proportion of Christian men than in any other college in America. The meetings at Northfield will be continued for some weeks, and all who can attend them are sure to derive great good.

A Great Debt Paid

The Baptist Missionary Society has succeeded in lifting the enormous burden of debt which rested upon it. More than \$450,000 had to be secured, and of this sum Mr. John D. Rockefeller offered to pay \$250,000 provided the remainder was raised within a specified time. With that incentive before them, the whole Church took hold of the matter with enthusiasm. Gifts of from a few cents up to \$3,000 flew in rapidly, and within the time mentioned the whole sum was raised. Our Baptist brethren, consequently, just now are indulging in a little rather unusual congratulation, and they have reason to do so, for the burden a

few weeks ago seemed crushing, and to-day it is gone. We should be glad to record similar success with the debts of all the other missionary societies.

Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus

We regret to be obliged to believe that our friend Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, is likely to be laid aside from his work for several months by reason of an illness contracted just after his recent appearance at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York. It was supposed that his illness was caused by imprudence on the day of the dedication of the Grant Tomb, but we now learn that behind that was a long period of overwork, which has culminated in an illness which has been continued for many weeks. The Chicago papers say that his physicians insist that he must take a long period of rest. The work of pastor of Plymouth Church in Chicago, and of principal of the great Armour Institute in that city, besides much lecturing, has proved too much even for his strong constitution. He must now rest. Many persons in New York have hoped that he might be induced to accept the pastorate of the Tabernacle. We do not know whether there is any hope of a favorable answer in the future, but in any case his coming would have to be long delayed. If his sickness should result in his laying aside the work of the Institute, great as that work is, and devoting himself entirely to the ministry, for which he is so admirably equipped, it would be a gain to the Church and to the world.

Rev. B. Fay Mills and the Unitarians

A report concerning the ecclesiastical tendencies of the Rev. B. Fay Mills having been widely circulated, the report being to the effect that he was about to become a Unitarian, the editors of the "Congregationalist" wrote to Mr. Mills and asked him concerning its truthfulness. He replied in the letter which we insert below. The basis of the report seems to have been that the distinguished evangelist accepted an invitation from Edward Everett Hale to preach in his church in Boston, and also to speak at an outdoor meeting which is held under Dr. Hale's direction. Some persons always jump to the conclusion that a man is becoming lax in his theology if he is willing to preach in any other place than the one in which he is usually found. Many eminent men of the orthodox churches have preached for the Unitarians, and more than one Unitarian has preached in the so-called orthodox churches. The late Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard, was invited to address the students of Union Theological Seminary and deliver to them a course of twelve lectures. They were given in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and the speaker was presented by the late Dr. William Adams. No one imagined that Vice-President Peabody was becoming a Presbyterian, or

Dr. Adams a Unitarian. It is reported that Professor Park, of Andover, once preached in King's Chapel in Boston, which is a Unitarian church. A peculiarly anxious friend went to him afterward and asked him if the report were true. "It is," replied the Professor. His friend then expostulated with him, which led the Professor to reply, "Why, I would preach in hell if the devil would give me an invitation!" We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story, but it surely has the flavor of the distinguished Professor. Mr. Mills's letter is as follows:

Dear Sir:

In reply to your inquiry as to the truth of a report that I had practically identified myself with the Unitarian denomination, I would say that the report is not accurate. I am very glad to be able to preach at Dr. Edward Everett Hale's invitation, to his congregation and others, and I think I would have cheerfully responded to such an invitation at any time in my ministry. But I would further state that I regard the action of the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, two years ago, in stating that the only platform of Unitarianism was "the religion of Jesus, as summed up in love to God and love to man," and that on this basis they invited the co-operation of all Christian people, as being sincere and comprehensive, and representing the high-water mark in the statement of ecclesiastical formula.

It seems to me as though that ought to comprehend us all, and that on this, their only acknowledged platform, the Unitarians merit the most hearty expression of fellowship from all who are worthy to bear the name of Jesus.

This I am delighted to express for myself, but is it your opinion that such an indorsement should disqualify one from membership in the Orthodox Congregational ministry?

Thanking you for your courteous letter, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

The "Congregationalist" criticises this statement on the ground that it ignores the great facts of sin and redemption. But if it does not affirm, it at least implies, them. Nor should it be assumed that Mr. Mills, or, for that matter, the Unitarian Church, ignores or denies the truth that the mission of the Church, as of Christ its founder, is to deliver men from sin and bring them to a knowledge of God and to life with him through Jesus Christ his Son, because in fulfilling this mission they are willing to work with all who love God with all their heart, and their neighbors as themselves.

A Seasonable Warning

The Rev. Dr. Kempshall, of Elizabeth, N. J., who has been the leader in the crusade against race-track gambling in that State, has issued an earnest warning against the efforts which are being made in secret once more to deliver that State into the hands of the gamblers. Dr. Kempshall has studied this subject as no other man has, and when he speaks his words ought to be heeded. The gambling evil is one of the greatest and most insidious of our times. It had its hand upon the throat of the little State which lies between New York and Philadelphia. It controlled the Legislature, and dictated to all

good people. The deliverance which was accomplished under Dr. Kempshall's lead can hardly be exaggerated. The whole State has been a different one since that memorable battle was fought. It is hard to appreciate that so radical a change could have been secured in so short a time. With a great price this liberty has been bought, and it ought not to be allowed lightly to be lost. The good people of New Jersey have it in their power to keep the State worthy of its history, and of its unique location as a place of suburban and summer residence. Every minister and every good citizen ought to give earnest heed to Dr. Kempshall's warning.

A Disciple Club Formed

At the call of the Disciple pastors of New York City, on Thursday evening, June 24, a meeting of representative Disciples of Christ from the various congregations in the city was held in the rooms of the Harlem Branch of the Y. M. C. A., which resulted in the formation of a club to be known as the Disciples Club of New York. While this organization will not be strictly a church club, in the sense that its meetings will be restricted to Disciples only, yet its purpose will be, in a very essential degree, to become an exponent of the principles and aims of that religious community. In the general discussion of the objects and aims of the Club it was thought wise to make it as practical as possible. One purpose of the Club will be the adoption of some sort of system by which to reach Disciples moving as strangers into New York, and identify them if possible with some one or other of the congregations in the city. Along the literary lines it was thought best to make as thorough a study as possible of the history of the Disciples of Christ, which constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of American Christianity. It was believed to be a wise thing to make one feature of the Club in some way contribute to local church extension, or missionary work pure and simple. But one of the prime objects will be the cultivation of the social side of Christianity. A special effort toward this end is needed, more, perhaps, in New York than almost anywhere else, because of the isolation of the individual churches resulting from intense and all-absorbing commercial activity. Inter-congregational sociability will unquestionably result in mutual good. The Club will meet monthly, when some member will read an able and suggestive paper, which will be freely discussed. The Hon. John L. N. Hunt was elected President; H. S. Butler, Secretary; and Robert C. McWane, Treasurer. The first regular meeting will be held September 28, when an interesting programme will be carried out.

A Miserable Business

And yet is the business more miserable than those who make it possible? We have had sent to us from an entirely reliable source a printed

advertisement, offering to furnish sermons for ministers "who in the sharp competition of modern times and the multiplicity of other duties are not able to prepare for themselves the high quality of work now demanded in the pulpit." The advertisement goes on to say that "a clergyman recently connected with a large church" has been secured to prepare for special use a number of sermons, which will be furnished typewritten at moderate prices. The agency says also that it is prepared to furnish sermons for special occasions, and that the "prices will depend upon the nature and extent of the work required." The fact that such a circular should be sent out is one of the most deplorable and discouraging signs of the times. There must be some demand, or such a business would not exist. But who are the ministers who thus wickedly trade upon their profession? Every now and then some one is convicted of plagiarism, and occasionally ministers are found out and compelled to leave their places when there is no publicity attached to their actions. We know of no way of making such a business impossible except by the cultivation of a higher ethical sentiment among clergymen themselves. The number who would respond to such an appeal as that to which we have referred is surely very small, but as fast as they are found out they ought to be rigorously exposed. A wolf in sheep's clothing, indeed, is the man who talks to his people concerning honesty and sincerity, and then reads to them as his own a sermon which he has never prepared! The "clergyman recently connected with a large church" who has undertaken this work has no doubt left the church for the church's good. It would be well if all who use his miserable wares should quickly follow him. There would be less trifling with the most sacred interests of immortal souls. There are hypocrites in every walk of life; it is impossible to keep them out of the ministry; but a sentiment may be created which will at least make them so uncomfortable that they will find something else to do.

Two English Voices

This is the time for anniversaries in England as well as in this country. Among the various addresses which have attracted our attention at the English colleges are a sermon by Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge, and an address by Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), of Liverpool. Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of the Emanuel Congregational Church in Cambridge, is one of the very strongest men in the Nonconformist pulpit. He is weak in bodily presence, and has to fight a constant battle with disease, but for ability, scholarship, spiritual intuition, and power of utterance, few men in the English pulpit are his equals. He began life as an extreme Liberal; in his mature manhood he is known as a somewhat Liberal Conservative. He was chosen as the preacher at the anniversary of Cheshunt College. His subject was "A

Living Christ Essential to a Living Faith." As reported in the "Christian World," he said: "A merely historical Christ, who was the ideal man of his age and race, and no more, must be outgrown as the race advances; and with each successive age his influence must wane. If Christ, with his high claims, were only a self-deluded enthusiast, then from an object of reverence he would become an object of pity." One strong passage in the sermon is condensed as follows: "We hold Christ to be the conscience of God, coming to our rescue against the accusations of our own consciences—our own conscience made awful by its solidarity, with the damnation of the whole world flowing into it through that narrow channel. Through the narrow channel of the flesh Christ came to reconcile us, not to an angry God, but to our own accusing conscience." The living Christ, he urged, is our Mediator and Redeemer, and also our Intercessor. He must also be the Christ personal and particular to the individual soul.

The subject of Dr. Watson at Lancashire College was "The Virtue of Tolerance." He said that the question whether a Church or a State could tolerate a heretic was a question of expediency; but the question whether a man ought to be tolerant in his own mind was never a matter of opinion. There have been times in the history of religion when the pelting of a heretic was a popular pastime, but the man in the pillory today is not the heretic, but the bigot. He said again, "Tolerance might spring from indifference," and it was partly to that fact that Cardinal Newman referred in his rather stern utterance: "England is growing more liberal in opinion; I regret it; I had rather see England bigoted and fanatical." Dr. Watson said that true tolerance must be founded absolutely on faith. There are two conditions of its reality—conviction and humility. The man who has fought for his faith and won it can afford to be tolerant towards all who differ from him; but he whose faith depends on traditions is like one holding a property of which the title-deed may at any moment be disputed. The humility which determines tolerance consists in a respectful and reverent intellectual attitude. The spirit of tolerance should keep us from persecution; it should also move us towards earnest and gracious persuasion. We are trustees and not possessors of truth. We judge that the last has been heard of the heresy of Dr. Watson. No man is more in demand for addresses on religious and theological subjects, and no man has more approval from the representatives of the various orthodox churches and congregations.

The eighth annual session of the Lake Geneva Student Conference, held under the direction of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., was held at Geneva, Wis., closing Sunday, June 27. The gathering is a kind of Western Northfield. Among the speakers were the Rev. R. A. Torrey, John R. Mott, S. M. Sayford, and Chancellor McDowell, of Denver.

Correspondence

Not So Bad as We Thought

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In The Outlook of July 10 you quote from the Springfield "Republican" to say that "the Florida Legislature is about to re-enact the old statute against schools where whites and negroes are taught together," which was overthrown by the Florida courts. You remark that this decision by the courts "was but a temporary gain, and the only appeal of final value is that which must be made to the conscience of the State."

I am happy to inform you that the position taken by the American Missionary Association and the influences brought to bear upon the better and wiser people of the State have proved to be a successful appeal to the conscience of the State. The Legislature of Florida adjourned early in June, and I have a letter from the Governor of Florida informing me that the bill failed to pass both Houses of the Legislature. We are confident that this enactment could not have stood the final tests of the courts, and we do not believe that such a law will ever be passed by another Legislature.

A. F. BEARD,

Secretary.

American Missionary Association, New York.

A Good Example

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In your broad view of the religious world the most striking fact is, perhaps, the rapidly growing tendency to ignore non-essentials of doctrine and method, and join forces in combating the power of evil and upholding the true spirit of Christianity, love to God and our neighbor. This tendency was illustrated rather remarkably in this part of Chicago the other Sunday, when the Methodist pulpit was filled by a Universalist, and the Universalist by a Methodist minister. The respective pastors were the Rev. Frederick W. Millar, of Ryder Memorial Church, and the Rev. Wilbur J. Atchison, of the Methodist Episcopal denomination. In neither case was there any lack of loyalty to the chosen form of religious worship, the Methodist brother and the Universalist alike declaring that the business of the Church was to teach the world the spirit of true helpfulness.

F. P.

Woodlawn Park, Chicago.

Maria Mitchell, LL.D., and Others

To the Editors of The Outlook :

Maria Mitchell received her first degree of LL.D. from Hanover College in 1852, and her last from Columbia College in 1887.

Honor to Lady Aberdeen, Mary Livermore, Caroline Yale, whom their friends have cited in

your paper as receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws.

To Maria Mitchell, however, and not to these her countrywomen, belongs the distinction of first receiving the honor. Most heartily would she rejoice that other American women are earning such recognition.

E. J. F.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In June, 1893, Oberlin gave the LL.D. to three persons, one of whom was Miss Helen M. Shafer, then President of Wellesley College, Mass.

G. T. F.

To the Editors of The Outlook :

In 1895, June, the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Mrs. Cornelia P. Spencer—a daughter of the Rev. James Phillips, at one time Professor of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina—by the University of North Carolina. For a short sketch of Mrs. Spencer's life and also that of her father, see "Appletons' Cyclopedia of American Biography."

I think, however, that Mrs. Spencer refused to accept the degree, but that does not lessen the honor.

Mrs. Christian Ladd Franklin, of Baltimore, received the degree of LL.D. from Vassar College in 1887.

AN OUTLOOK READER.

The Wings of Angels

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I am sure that if you knew the facts in the case referred to by "H." in his letter "On the Wings of Angels," you could not have allowed his letter a place in your journal. The window was rejected because it did not answer the specifications of the contract made for the window.

When the writer goes on to say that "the Episcopal Church, in central New York at least, has got through with the other problems, and is winding up its concerns by getting some of the minor questions out of the way," he (the writer) shows his animus. There has been no "careful and even acrimonious discussion" of the matter. I happen to be in a position to know what is going on in the diocese, and I will not trust myself to use language to characterize the statements and the temper of your correspondent's letter.

Meantime, what you have admitted to your columns will be read, and will serve the purpose of the writer to confirm a certain popular prejudice. It is really wonderful how little matters of ritual or little parochial discontents are always seized upon by the press and held up to the public as great and burning questions with us; while the great matters of personal and social righteousness, and the messages of the Gospel of Grace,

which, thank God, engage and thrill our church life to the core, are seldom or never mentioned.

But in *The Outlook* we expect better things.

OLIVER OWEN,

Rector St. James's Church, Clinton, N. Y., and Dean
Second Missionary District, Diocese Central New York.

But England Had Promised Turkish Reform *To the Editors of The Outlook:*

In your interesting issue for May 15 I read that one of the causes of America's "widespread" hostility to England is "England's inaction in the presence of the Armenian massacres."

Will you allow me to ask what action America took? and if none, why? There is no Monroe Doctrine in Europe. America was as free as England to interfere; and as she did not do so, it would be well to recall the old advice not to throw stones if living in a glass house.

F. P.

Portland, Jamaica.

An Educational Experiment

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Referring to Mr. Willis's article in *The Outlook* of May 27, a question of growing importance in the "Education of the Colored Race" is how to place those who become educated in positions where their education will be utilized. For the 6,000 students who are preparing to be teachers, it is only half the problem to provide them a normal training; after that they are to be provided with schools and established in communities where they can do the work of educators.

Most of the illiteracy is in the country districts, and that is where teachers are most wanted. But means for their maintenance are lacking. The public-school funds are only sufficient for two, three, or four months in a year, even in the more favored localities. This hardly affords time for a teacher to know his pupils and get his work in hand before the school closes; and then follow eight or ten months in which he must shift the best he can at something else. This is bad for school and teacher both—a discouraging sequel to the long course of intellectual training. Six or eight months are necessary to give such a teacher a fair chance.

An experiment has been tried of lengthening the public-school term by voluntary subscriptions, and the results seem worthy of publication. A number of superior teachers in different country places were each offered \$10 toward the continuance of their schools an extra month if they would get the parents of their pupils to do the rest. All were glad to accept the proposal, and the schools were kept up, with results that were fully as good as could have been anticipated.

One case is especially noteworthy. It is in a village of 750 inhabitants in Alabama; the teacher is a young man who was educated at Talladega College; and the school was for three months, with an enrollment of one hundred.

Advice was asked of both the white and the colored pastors, and each showed a warm interest in the plan. The people heartily entered into it, and success was assured. But a further step followed. The patrons of the school were so pleased that they concluded to continue it five months instead of one, giving a whole term of eight months, which was happily accomplished. This was in 1895-6. The present year the proposal was renewed on the same terms. Some misgivings were expressed, as the times were hard and many were out of work. Yet when the decision came it was voted to add still another month, making the whole term nine months instead of eight as last year. Seven months have now passed; the attendance is at present about thirty-five, and the prospect is good for completing the year as proposed.

Now, if one school can be sustained in this way, why not others? But, turning from this particular case, the experiment in the several schools before mentioned shows that the best public-school teachers in country places may be continued at their work beyond the usual term by giving them a little aid and encouragement. The small sum of \$10 a month is all that is necessary. With this the people can be led to do the rest. And a school thus sustained must draw to itself the respect and affection of the people. Because they support it at some personal cost it will become their pride, and its teacher will hold a position of dignity and influence in the community second to none.

May not something be done to extend this experiment over a wider field? A hundred schools in a hundred most needy communities might be built up in this manner with a single thousand dollars wisely distributed.

G. S. D.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.

In your article in *The Outlook* of the 24th April entitled "What is a Christian?" you mention three psychological views of Jesus Christ, and you say you find serious objections to all of them. Please give us your psychology of Jesus Christ, and your objections to the three mentioned in said article. I was very much pleased with your definition of a Christian as compared with an atheist, deist, agnostic, or even with a theist.

J. H. O.

The objection to the mediæval view of Christ as the God-man is that according to that view Jesus Christ furnishes neither a true revelation of God nor a true revelation of manhood, for he is neither God nor man, but a composite personality composed of the two mysteriously joined together. The objection to the conception that Jesus Christ was simply the Divine Spirit in a human body is

that his life furnishes no true model for man, who is not a divine spirit in a human body. The objection to the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was simply a God-filled man—though this seems to us the most rational psychology of the three—is that it ignores or denies some of the testimony of Jesus Christ to himself, especially his own account of his pre-existence. The view of The Outlook is the fourth of the four views given in the article "What is a Christian?"—this, namely, that it is impossible to form any perfect psychology of Jesus Christ; that we must be content to see in him at once a transcendent manifestation of the invisible and eternal God, and a perfect ideal of a divinely begotten and inspired humanity, without undertaking to form a perfect definition of him.

If there is an analogy between the natural and spiritual world, and if the evolutionary theory of development of each be the correct one, do we not necessarily arrive at the conclusion that immortality means, not the continuance of the individual, but of the race? In the natural world the perpetuation or development of the species is carried on at the sacrifice of the identity of the individual. We are the result of all that has gone before, achieving and passing through in a day or a week stages of development to reach which the ancestral species required ages. Reasoning from the known to the unknown, is it not a logical deduction that we may form one stage in the evolution of a new and higher order of being, losing our identity therein, as the identity of the mollusk, reptile, bird, and fish have been lost in our upbringing? And if this is "God's way" of making a higher race, as it seems to have been his way of making ours; if this world is God's workshop and we are his helpers, dare we feel that

"No Judge eves us from heaven our sin to scan.
Live we like brutes our lives, without a plan?"

T. F. K.

If human life exhibited only the same phenomena as sub-human life, your deduction would seem convincing. But, on the contrary, we find a new kind of life in humanity, demonstrably different from animal life, because developing itself in a contrary way. Animal life, whether in brutes or men, develops itself by the appropriation of material things, as much as it can consume. Moral life in men develops itself by foregoing material things to the extent of its demand for the sacrifice of them. When the animal life is detached from the world it depends on, it has no apparent future. We cannot think the same of the moral life. By declaring in many a sacrifice its independence of this world, it declares itself not evanescent with this world, but able to live on without it. The remaining question is, whether such continued life will be a continuance of the personality that existed here. As to this, Thomas Hill Green observes that our present life seems to be ordered especially for the development of personality, *i. e.*, of self-conscious beings, and that to suppose its issue to be in the extinction of persons, as persons, seems utterly contrary to reason. See also "In Memoriam," xlv. and xlvii. In general, we remark upon your argument that it is a fallacious though a common mode of

reasoning to interpret the higher things by the lower.

1. I should like to know the author of the lines beginning,

"Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, where'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart."

2. Are there any of the original manuscripts of the Old Testament still in existence? If not, what is the age of the oldest that we have? 3. What is the meaning of Matt. xx., 11-16? E. E. B.

1. Referred to our readers. 2. The oldest authentic date is A.D. 916 for a codex of the Prophets, and A.D. 1009 for an entire Hebrew Bible. Both of these are in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. 3. The lesson is in the application which the parable has to the question of Peter in the preceding chapter, "What shall we have?" It is a rebuke of the mercenary, self-seeking spirit. It shows that this is a self-defeating spirit. The only satisfying rewards bestowed upon those laborers were those that were received not as a matter of debt, but of grace. The rewards of the kingdom would be spoiled for the receivers if taken as earnings. The whole parable overthrows the objection sometimes made that Jesus appeals to selfish motives by his teaching of rewards and punishments.

What time in the Jewish history was interest abolished? C. H. C.

The prohibition of "usury," that is, of any interest on money lent, belongs to the most ancient part of the Mosaic laws. Perhaps you intended to ask, When was the prohibition of interest abolished? As to this, a Jewish scholar has kindly given us the following statement:

The Mosaic prohibition of taking interest, or usury, has never been invalidated *theoretically*. *Practically*, however, it has been set aside since the time that the Jews were compelled to become money-lenders, and the use of the money was considered a merchandise, bought or sold at a certain price.

What do you consider the best book on birds (price not over \$1.50) for a child of twelve? W. R. C.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, will supply at that price Grant's "Our Common Birds; How to Know Them," which is recommended as suitable for a child of twelve years.

Where can I find information in regard to the organization and carrying on of boys' brigades and men's clubs? B.

See "Methods of Church Work," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Please suggest the best books on England at the beginning of the Victorian era, with special reference to the condition of the people, all classes, and literature? M. S.

Mackenzie's "History of the Nineteenth Century" and McCarthy's "History of Our Own Time," we think, will together supply what you

want. See also Sir Algernon West's recent article in the "Nineteenth Century."

A correspondent criticising the statement of The Outlook that "if a physician can put his superior skill at the service of a patient, if a friend can give counsel to a friend, then God can do either the one or the other, unless he is more limited in intelligence and power than his children," says: "Of course no one who believes in the existence of an omnipresent Supreme Being will deny that he can. But *does* he? Does human experience furnish convincing evidence that God answers prayer?" In our judgment, it does furnish convincing evidence that God answers prayer. If he did not, we do not believe that the human race would have gone on praying, in all languages, countries, and religions, from the earliest ages to the present time. Praying souls would have found the futility of their quest and abandoned it. If our correspondent regards prayer as simply asking for *things*, he may find some reason to doubt whether prayer is answered. Certainly it is not always answered in the affirmative. The things asked for are not always given. But if he regards prayer as communion with God, fellowship with him, receiving inspiration, strength, health, courage, grace, as the interchange of experience between spirit and spirit, such as conversation is between friend and friend, then, in our judgment, he will find in the testimony of the devout souls in all ages evidence that such communion is not only possible, but actual. The reality of communion between the Divine Spirit and the human spirit is scarcely less attested than the reality of communion between individual human spirits.

Professor Clarke, of Hamilton Theological Seminary, amends as follows a communication printed March 27:

Your correspondent does not fully represent the interpretation of John iii., 5, which he cites in connection with my name. The interpretation is this: The words *water* and *spirit* were taken up by Jesus from the common speech of the time, in which the citation from the Baptist's reference to baptizing in water and in spirit must have been on every one's lips. The *water* of John's baptism was the symbol of repentance; and the *spirit* of the Messiah's baptism was the symbol (or, if regarded as personal, the agent) of that renewal which lay beyond John's power, but was to be effected by the Coming One. Thus, in the common speech of the day, the two words would suggest repentance and renewal, and the meaning would be, "A man must be born anew in a great experience if he is to enter the kingdom of heaven, and that experience must include the repentance into which John is baptizing, and the renewal which he says the Coming One is to effect."

"J. J. D." thinks that Dr. Whiton's article on "The History of Methodism," April 17, should have credited George Fox rather than John Wesley with being "the prophet of the immediate presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the normal Christian life." Fox was a century before Wesley, and before Fox were Jacob Böhme and other mystics, back to the days of St. Bernard.

The view taken in the article was limited to Wesley's own time, and stated his relation to the time.

"E. E. C." is indignant with us for stating, April 10, that phrenology is "discredited," and wants to know how we could have done so. To save time we will quote the Encyclopædia Britannica's summing up of the case: "Psychology, physiology, and experience alike contribute to discredit the system, and to show how worthless the so-called diagnoses of character really are. No respectable psychologist to-day holds any better opinion of it."

Who wrote the two poems entitled respectively "A Mother's Heart," beginning

"A little dreaming such as mothers know,
A little lingering over dainty things,"

and "A Kiss at the Door," beginning

"We were standing in the doorway,
My little wife and I."

H. M.

Can you tell me the name of the author of the poem "The Loom of Life," beginning,

"All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far," etc.,

and ending,

"It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin."

A. B. P.

Will some one kindly give explanation of the accepted meaning of these lines in "In Memoriam," Canto 87:

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo"?

Does it refer to the prominent continuous line of the eyebrows, which had perhaps been enhanced by the depression in the nose caused by the blow of a fellow-workman, or to a deep marking in the overhanging brow?

J. R. S.

Can any one tell me where I can find a poem entitled "Called Aside"? The first stanza is something like the following:

"From the glad working of thy busy life
Into the shade and stillness by thy Heavenly Guide
For a brief space thou hast been called aside."

The poem was published several years ago by the "Christian Advocate."

E. V. F.

Can any one refer me to the hymn in which the lines occur:

"How delightful the thought
That the angels and blest
Daily bend their bright wings
To a world such as this"?

L. J. H.

Can any one tell who is the author of the following lines and place them:

"The world's most precious heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives"?

M. D. A.

Can any one give me any information concerning the town of Nedington, Conn.? It existed a hundred and more years ago, and has doubtless been incorporated with some other town under a different name. My

great-grandmother, Esther Green, was married at Ned-
ington. We can find nothing about her family because
we cannot find the place in which she lived. A.

Please tell me who is the author of, and where I can
find, the sentence: "God's balance watched by angels
is hung across the sky." J. C.

About People

—A Harvard man says that the late Professor
George M. Lane, of Harvard, will be remembered
as the author of the "Lone Fishball" when his
career as a scholar shall be forgotten.

—We are informed that the well-known Chi-
cago suburb of Evanston owes its name to the
late ex-Governor John Evans, of Colorado, who
did much toward the upbuilding of the Western
metropolis.

—By the death of Sir John Bennett, London
loses one of its most familiar and eccentric fig-
ures. Sir John was the son of John Bennett, a
watchmaker, and followed his father's trade in
Cheapside. Since 1862 he had been a member
of the Common Council of the City of London.
In 1872 he was Sheriff of London and was
knighted.

—The London "Academy" tells a new story
of De Quincey. He had to fill up a census-paper,
and the set questions puzzled him greatly. He
finally managed to characterize his occupation as
"writer to the magazines," but when it came to
the occupations of his three daughters his troubles
began again. At last he put a ring around their
names and wrote: "They are like lilies of the
field—they toil not, neither do they spin."

—A contemporary reports an odd incident in
Athens a fortnight ago which occurred on the
departure of the ex-Empress Eugénie on her
yacht in the evening. Frenchmen belonging to
the Philhellenic Legion took off their hats as the
widow left her hotel, and one, advancing, said:
"Madame, we come from a war which proved as
unfortunate as yours." And then the poor ex-
Empress gave these forlorn Frenchmen money.

—"Henry O. Tanner," says the Philadelphia
"Record," "is a young colored man who was born
and educated in Philadelphia, and who was one
of the favorite pupils of the late Thomas Hoven-
den at the Academy of the Fine Arts. The French
Government has just purchased Tanner's master-
piece, 'The Raising of Lazarus,' and it will be
hung in the Luxembourg Gallery. On only two
or three previous occasions has this honor been
bestowed upon an American artist, and never
before upon a man of Mr. Tanner's race. The
young artist is a son of Bishop Tanner, of the
African Methodist Episcopal Church. He early
evinced a taste for art, and when still in his early
twenties he became instructor in drawing at Fisk
University, Nashville, Tenn. In Paris his studies
were pursued under the best-known artists, and his

popularity among his fellow-students was demon-
strated in his election to the vice-presidency of
the Society of American Artists. His Salon pic-
tures during the last three years have all excited
favorable comment, but his 'Raising of Lazarus'
is said to be a really admirable piece of work."

—"Ten years ago," says the Philadelphia "Rec-
ord," "John J. Boyle was a Western Union Tele-
graph boy. To-morrow he will sail for Europe,
the proud winner of the Academy of the Fine Arts
traveling scholarship, with \$800 prize money safely
stowed away in his inside pocket. Young Boyle
is an interesting example of the ambition of
young America. He was born on May 30, 1874,
and came to Philadelphia when he was twelve
years old, locating in Germantown. He sought
employment in the mills, and subsequently be-
came a messenger-boy connected with the Chel-
ton Avenue office of the Western Union Com-
pany. Later he attended the Daniel L. Keyser
School, and took a night course at the Spring
Garden Institute, being graduated with the high-
est honors."

—The "Examiner" says that once when Chief
Justice John Marshall was driving, the hub of his
wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the
roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some
moments to extricate the wheel, he heard the
sound of an ax in the woods, and saw a negro
approaching. Hailing him, he said: "If you will
get that ax and cut down this tree I'll give you
a dollar." "I c'n git yer by 'thout no ax, ef dat's
all yer want." "Yes, that's all," said the Judge.
The man simply backed the horse until the wheel
was clear of the sapling, and then brought the
vehicle safely around it. "You don't charge a
dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished
Chief Justice. "No, massa, but it's wuf a dollar
to larn some folks sense." The quick-witted
darker got his dollar without further questioning.

—The London "Daily News" says that, while
on a visit to Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt
mentioned that the boys at Eton take in a large
number of evening papers. "Dear me, how re-
markable!" said Mr. Gladstone. "How things
have changed since I was at Eton! But it shows
what a remarkable interest the youth of the pres-
ent generation take in current events." Sir Will-
iam ventured to suggest that it might be that the
youth of the present generation took a remarkable
interest in sport. "Indeed," said Mr. Gladstone;
"not gambling, I hope." Then Mr. Gladstone
became reminiscent. "I think the only thing I
ever did in that direction was to put an occasional
shilling on a prize-fight. We used to take the
'Morning Chronicle' at Eton, and I remember
that we once had a discussion in the Union De-
bating Society as to whether we should continue
to take that paper, seeing that it devoted so much
space to reports of prize-fights. Let me see what
we did in the matter." Then Mr. Gladstone
turned up the minutes of the Society, of which

he was President, and said: "I find that the voting was equal, and that the President voted for the continuance of the paper."

Bits of Fun

It is now thought Satan told Eve apples were good for her complexion.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Isn't Blewberry just a bit weak-minded?" "Yes. I think that is the reason why he is so headstrong."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes acrost er man dat's shu' 'nuff honest, dey gets skyah't an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game."—*Washington Star*.

"A baby," remarked the observer of men and things, "may not have as much sense as a man, but I don't imagine a baby believes every woman who comes along and tells him she loves him."—*Detroit Journal*.

Mr. Van Rentshy—That man is becoming a fearful bore. He comes in here every day and makes a nuisance of himself. If he doesn't let up I will be forced to move. Caller—Who is he? Mr. Van Rentshy—My landlord.—*Puck*.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck. Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it? Mr. Spriggins—Nothing, only the button must have been on.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of the large scale?" "Glad to answer you," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "He had to have it for weighing the consequences."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Yessuh," said the proud Vine Street father, "it weighs ten and a haf poun's, an' it's as fine, healthy a boy as evah yah see, an' it was bo'n on the day Gen'l Grant was buried over again, an' ah'm goin' to give 'im a name that'll be appoporate." "You'll call him Ulysses S. Grant Johnson, I suppose," said the friend who was hearing the news. "No, sah; nothin' so common as that for my boy. Ah'm goin' to name 'im Mausoleum, sah."—*Buffalo Express*.

The Vacant Lots Plan

The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities is for the third summer conducting the cultivation of vacant lots by the poor, and has issued an appeal for contributions. The Brooklyn Elevated Road grants free tickets to the cultivators. Last year one of the workers obtained premiums amounting to \$9.50 for specimens of his crop exhibited at the American Institute in Madison Square Garden. This year there are about forty applicants, with about nine acres under cultivation.

A larger work could be undertaken were there larger means to carry it on. The work, aside from its pecuniary value to those befriended by it, is helpful both as an agricultural training-school, qualifying the workers for situations as farm-hands, etc., and also as awakening, in some cases, a desire to return to the country from the unwholesome conditions which the poor encounter in the city. This particular form of relief work, though at first looked upon as somewhat visionary, must now be considered as having passed the experimental stage. It has demonstrated itself as among the most promising means of befriending the industrious unemployed, and on some accounts it is quite superior to other modes of industrial relief. Contributions may be sent to the office of the Bureau of Charities, 69 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn.

Reclaiming the Boys

Mrs. Ballington Booth is very anxious to place in the employ of good Christian people some of the young men in whom she is interested, whose lives she has watched, and whom she can recommend as earnestly trying to live good Christian lives. She wishes to place them with those to whom she can write frankly concerning them, and with a knowledge that their past will be considered a matter of confidence between her, their employer, and themselves. Having watched their lives and passed them through her "Home," she is in a position to know something of them, and is certain that they will serve well and faithfully those who will employ them and trust them. She is especially anxious to hear from farmers who want farm-hands, or men to look after stable work and horses. She is sometimes in a position to recommend young men who are painters, carpenters, gardeners, or capable of taking the position of general handy man around the house. Skilled mechanics and ordinary laborers are constantly on her list awaiting situations.

All communications concerning work should be addressed to Mrs. Ballington Booth, 34 Union Square, New York City.

St. Paul's Journeys

In order to understand the geographical references in the New Testament the distinction between political and tribal names should be kept in mind. For example, Galatia was the name of a large Roman province, and also the name of a district in that province inhabited by the Galatian people. The Bible Study Publishing Company of Boston has just put forth a map prepared expressly for use with the Apostolic Church Series of the Bible Study Union Lessons—a map in which this distinction is made. It is claimed that this map is the first on which the journeys of St. Paul appear in accordance with the investigations and explorations of Ramsey and others.

For the Little People



Dorothy's Theory

By Mattie Ingalls Sherman

Dorothy sat on the nursery floor
With dolly on her knee.

"Now be perfectly quiet, dolly dear,
And pay attention to me.

"Last night I saw, up in the sky,
A great big dipper, bright;
'Twas pinned with a few little stars,
But 'twas fastened very tight.

"Mamma showed it to me, dolly,
And I hadn't much to say,
But I was thinkin' lots about it,
And I've been thinkin' again to-day.

"And now I am quite, quite sure, dear
(But we will ask mamma soon),
That a dipper so high in the sky
Must b'long to the Man in the Moon.

"I s'pose if he is thirsty at night,
When you and I are asleep,
He brings his dipper right down
And drinks from the ocean deep.

"And when he is tired of water,
As I am 'most every day,
He takes his dipper 'cross lots'
And drinks from the Milky Way."

My Adventure with Brownies

By Mary C. Rankin

When I awoke one morning during the very warm weather of last summer, I found on the table at the head of my bed a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers. Now, I was absolutely certain that there had been nothing on the table when I went to bed, and, though I generally waken at any unusual noise, I had heard no sound during the night. What could it mean? I rubbed my eyes to be sure that I was awake. Yes, there was no doubt about it. I could both see and smell the pretty blossoms, and, looking more closely, I discovered a paper on which was printed: "From the Brownies, with their Compliments."

Now, all that I knew of Brownies was what I had learned from Palmer Cox's books, and it was a good while since I had thought of them, so I was much surprised by this gift. I thought my little boy and girl might know something about it; but when they came into my room, they seemed to be quite as much mystified as I was. They wondered how the Brownies ever got into the house, what made them think of coming, how such little fellows could ever reach the top of the table, and all sorts of other things.

Harry said he was pretty sure where they got the flowers, for the yellow daisies and the toad-flax grew in the meadow, the forget-me-not by the brook, while the only place to get princess pine was up near the rocks. They could tell me all about the flowers, but as soon as I asked any question about the Brownies, they shook their heads in utter ignorance.

The next morning I again found fresh flowers on my table, and at breakfast I found that other members of the family had been honored in the same way. It was a great mystery, as no one had heard the slightest noise through the night.

For some days after this I looked at my table the first thing when I awoke, and it was seldom without some Brownie gift. Sometimes there were garden flowers, sometimes berries, and once two delicious little nutmeg melons, as if the Brownies knew my great fondness for them. When I asked Harry and Ruth if these weren't like the things they raised in their garden, Harry said "Yes," and ran to see if anything was missing.

Afterwards the children told me that they suspected the Brownies of taking their things at night, but they didn't seem at all angry, as they said that Brownies would naturally think that everything outdoors belonged to them.

I began to feel anxious to express my thanks for all these favors, so I wrote a note which I left on my table addressed "To the Brownies." The next morning it was gone, and the morning after I found the cunningest little answer, neatly printed in little letters. It said: "We were very glad to get your letter. The Dude is our best reader, and he read it aloud to us all. We are spending the summer in your asparagus bed, and we find it a fine home. By climbing to the top of the tallest asparagus trees we have beautiful views of the river and mountains. We hope you don't object to our staying here. We won't hurt anything, and we shall try to bring you a little present every night. Your loving friends, The Brownies."

Well, well! Brownies in our asparagus! You may be sure I hurried down to call on them, although the children assured me that fairy folk could never be seen by daylight. We found a little open space in the middle of the bed where the ground was covered with freshly cut grass, and bright flowers made a pretty border. Evidently some little hands had been at work there quite recently, and the children were sure it must be the Brownies' home. Harry said most likely they could see us and hear what we said. Well, if they did, then for once listeners heard nothing but good of themselves. At all events, the next morning my table was completely covered with

flowers, which convinced the children that our friends had enjoyed our visit.

Not long after this I had a guest who said at breakfast one morning: "I had a great fright last night. I woke up suddenly with the feeling that there was some one in the room, and I had a glimpse of two little white objects. I called and lighted a lamp, but, though I searched my room and the hall, all that I could discover was some beautiful flowers labeled 'From the Brownies.' Now, I never believed in Brownies or any such nonsense, and I should say those ghost-like objects were as large as your little boy and girl."

"As large as we are!" exclaimed Harry. "Why, there never was such a big Brownie! The largest are only a few inches."

"About like this pitcher," said Ruth, pointing to the cream-pitcher, and then they both ran away.

The next morning I found this note:

"My Dear Friend:

"We are going to leave you. We have heard that there is some one in your house who doesn't believe in us, and we can never stay anywhere if people don't believe in us. We had planned to stay with you till after Hallowe'en, but now we shall have to go to-night. Good-by.

"Your loving but grieved friends,

THE BROWNIES."

There were no more flowers after that, nor has there been any sign of a Brownie since, though I rather expected they might give us a call on Hallowe'en. Now I am wondering whether they will come back again with the warm weather. The children seem to feel sure that they will, and, somehow, I think they know more about it than I do.

An Industrious Community

A celebrated naturalist has been studying ants in Australia, and he tells some very wonderful stories of what he has found. The Australian ants are giants in comparison with the ants that we know, and certainly are very much more intelligent than the ants of our dooryards. They belong to the class known as the termites. They are white and are very strong. This naturalist tells us that if they attack a human being they can injure him seriously. Their homes are like mammoth slabs of sandstone, and look very like sandstone. The homes are always built running from north to south, and a close study of the ants showed that the points of the compass had a great deal to do in governing their movements. These ants are found in North Queensland, in the interior. One mound examined was a groined columnar construction eighteen feet high. This student of natural history tells us that originally he believes this mound was in the shape of a cone. The doors through which the ants went in and out were about a foot and a half from the top, and the grooves made in the side of the column, this

naturalist believes, were made by the incessant traveling of the ants up and down the same pathway; and it is this, he believes, that gives the columnar formation.

It was evident on close examination that at some time there had been different points of entrance to this home of these ants, and that they had been walled up. When the interior of the mound was examined, it was found to contain a large central court, with hundreds of tiny cells built in regular order on the inside, resembling galleries terraced one above another. Connection between these galleries was made by stairways, which, on examination, were found to be built with architectural exactness. The cells were uniform in size, and the interior as hard and smooth as marble. At the bottom of the mound were found the storerooms. It was evident that this colony of ants had all gone to the cellar for their provisions. Another strange thing was discovered. On one side of the mound the rooms, or cells, were very much larger, and from their construction it was decided that they were intended either for the dignitaries of the colonies or for visitors. The floors of these rooms were perfectly smooth, but the ceilings were round, and at one end was found a carefully raised dais.

Another mound examined was in the form of a pyramid, with a winding ascent in the interior, the cells constructed around the edges of a huge court. Here there was no evidence of any preparation for the entertaining of officials or visitors of distinction, but the storerooms of the second pyramid or mound were at the bottom, just as in the mound where it was evident there was a difference in the social standing of the inhabitants.

A great deal can be taught little children who are willing to study these tiny creatures that are to be found wherever we go in the country. A group of little children, now big children, formed a colony of white ants in the center of a little miniature lake on the lawn of the house where they were living in Connecticut. Probably if you should meet these young ladies and gentlemen now, you would be astonished to find how much they knew about ants—the various kinds, how they differ in habits of life, and what different things they ate; and all this knowledge began with these men and women when, as little children, their father encouraged them to form a colony of ants on a little mound in the center of a pond about three feet wide. No dolls, or tennis-racket, or express-wagon, or dolls' dishes ever entertained this little group as their ant friends did for two and three hours every morning. They can give you descriptions of how the ants made boats out of a leaf and floated across the water; of their house-building and bridge-building; of the selection of the food which they ate each day, and that which they stored away for winter use. All this these little people discovered for themselves without the aid of books, for it was when they came back to New York in the winter that

they began reading the books that told about ants, and they understood them because they had studied, without meaning to, all summer. They

had a vast storehouse of information all gathered in play. They had followed the example of their little friends, the ants.

The Home Club

The Bully Again

Dear Outlook: I have been greatly interested in the discussion concerning the proper procedure with bullies. There seems to be a general feeling that, in the bitter end, "our" boy is to give the bully one fine thrashing, and thereby save his own self-respect and end the persecution.

Appealing as it does to our sense of poetic justice, this solution is particularly attractive. It has been well worked in literature, where the proper result arrives as sure as fate—Tom Brown or Tom Sawyer triumphant, and the bully slinking off to his lair in shameful defeat. Were muscle and righteousness always coupled together, as doubtless they ought to be, we might need nothing further. But what about my kind of a boy? He is, of course, quite as worthy as were these two heroes to triumph over his enemies. But nature has equipped him with a slender frame and an indifferently firm quality of brawn? As a matter of fact, when this cock-o'-the-walk announces to my innocent eight-year-old that he is going to cut off his ears presently, my boy takes note of the strong hands and the sharp jackknife which are in evidence, credits the threat, and when business calls him in that direction again pusillanimously goes round by another street. He makes no pretense to a bravery for which, as he instinctively realizes, he lacks the physical backing, but shamelessly owns to his fear. Many's the time he has burst into tears and utterly refused to go of an errand, wailing in excuse, "I'm afraid I'll meet Arthur!"

All this is altogether humiliating to the proud mother. She would so like to advise her son to "fight, and be sure you *beat* him," but, alas! she knows as well as the boy does that if it came to that the beating would fall to the lot of the innocent, and the offender would go his hectoring ways confirmed in his wickedness. Neither can she use the pooh-pooh method, for she knows better than to express contempt for insults and petty injuries which cause the child positive suffering, and which the bully will most certainly take his chance to inflict. And, to complete her confusion, the tormentor's lordliness, his swelling presence, overbearing manners, and general masterful rowdiness seem, in spite of the little boy's terror, to have a secret fascination for him. One suspects that the whole make-up of this mimic villain (who adds to his prestige by belonging to a family just as "refined and intelligent" as our own) commands our timid child's unreasoning admiration!

Literature is not to be criticised for refusing to use such unpromising material as the good boy who is weak and fearful, nor should we complain when it obfuscates the issue by providing for the timorous one a chivalrous companion, who steps in at the right moment and does the thrashing for him. Literature is, fortunately, not constructed on the plan of a parent's assistant, and must serenely pursue its own artistic ends. But in the flat reality of things, the type in question exists and flourishes; and it is also in this type peculiarly that the bully recognizes his foreordained victim. Since in real life the chivalrous companion is not much of a dependence, and since in the nature of the case she is debarred from counseling the salutary trouncing, is there left for the mother anything more glorious than to deal in plat-

itudes regarding courage in general, and to wink at her small coward's habit of taking the other street?

C.

The above letter calls to mind a gentle, refined mother, who probably in her forty-odd years of life never had any quarrel with any one. This was due, in a great measure, to a mind that "thinketh no evil," and a power of self-control such as few women possess. She had a son, a boy eight and a half years old at the time this incident took place, who had been an invalid the first five years of his life. As soon as this family had moved into the neighborhood, the bully of the block made the new boy's life miserable. Things reached a point where the little boy refused to go on the street except when the bully was in school. It was necessary that he should be out-of-doors as much as possible, but the bully made out-of-door life a period of terror. The small boy would sit on the stoop and watch his enemy lest he should catch him unawares. The boy's father appealed to the bully's father, who responded "that he never took any notice of children's quarrels." The small boy's father returned disgusted with himself for having listened to the entreaties of his wife. The next day the mother told her small boy that he must go out-of-doors; she would take care of him. It was a struggle, but at last the small boy and a velocipede went out on the street, the boy a picture of woe. The mother stationed herself at the basement door with a good strong cane. The bully appeared, but the small boy did not see him; he was watering his imaginary horse at the lamp-post. The bully caught the velocipede and ran away with it, leaving it in the middle of the street on the next block. The small boy finally went after it. The mother never left her post; she was on guard for the day. The bully had grown bold, and several times had pursued the small boy to the basement door. This was to be the mother's opportunity, whether it came that day or a month later. It came that day. There was a cry, followed by a shriek; the child fell into the hall as the mother opened the door, caught the bully, held him by one hand, and gave him a severe caning with the other, until he promised to let the little boy alone. It cost the mother a fit of illness, but it secured the freedom of the street, not only for her own boy, but for all the little children who lived on the block. All who knew of the occurrence expected that the parents of the bully would make trouble. The affair was never heard of, and the bully became quite a respectable playmate.

A Correction

Dear Outlook: In the articles "For Young Entomologists," printed in *The Outlook* in May, there was some advice to young collectors which was not correct. It was stated that all insects should be pinned through the thorax. This is too sweeping, for beetles should be pinned through the right elytra or wing-cover. The thorax is very important in classification, and must not be mutilated. If one elytra is spoiled, the other remains intact. Hemiptera should be pinned through the scutellum or small triangle at the base of the wings. This is of no importance in classification, and the insect is held more firmly than if pinned through the hemelytra, as the wing-covers of hemiptera are called. Hemiptera, coleoptera, etc., are *orders*, not families. In botany orders and families are the same, but in zoölogy orders are much more comprehensive, and may include many families. The length of pin above the insect should be about three-eighths of an inch rather than one-eighth. This makes it possible to handle the insect with less danger of breaking it. Besides, all entomologists pin this length, and a collection put up differently would be of little value.

The wings of moths and butterflies should be arranged so that the posterior margin of the front wing is at right angles to the body, and the hind wings brought up to meet the front. This, too, has been settled upon by entomologists as the uniform method of arrangement. The insect-pin should not be left in the wing until it is dry, since the delicate fabric is likely to be torn when it is removed. A better way is to pin narrow strips of thin cardboard over the wings on the setting-board, removing the insect-pins immediately. Moths seldom trouble collections, but the larvæ of tiny beetles prove injurious if the specimens are left exposed even a few days. Tight wooden boxes are indispensable in keeping a collection in good order, since these do not give the beetle any chance to lay her eggs where the larvæ can destroy the specimens. Carbon bisulphide is the best remedy for all pests. A few drops in a tight box will prove effective.

In preparing a cyanide bottle the cyanide should be sealed in with plaster of Paris. Perforated cork would render the bottle unsafe, especially for young children. For young collectors a cyanide bottle should be used for moths and butterflies as well as other insects. If the bottle is of good size, a pint fruit-jar, for instance, and kept dry with blotting-paper (it is imperative to keep it dry), the delicate wings will not be injured, and the insect dies very soon. Chloroform does not kill immediately, and must be applied several times. Expert collectors use chloroform wholly for all lepidoptera, but cyanide is better for beginners.

Antennæ and legs of insects should be arranged so as not to break easily when dry. The antennæ

ought to lie along the anterior margin of the wing, and the legs under the body as much as practicable. In moistening up specimens the sand should only be damp, not soaked, so that the insects will not be damaged by moisture. A few drops of carbolic acid added to it will prevent molding if the specimens are to remain a few days.

No mention was made of the manner of mounting insects too small to pin conveniently. They are glued to a small triangle of cardboard, three-eighths of an inch by one-eighth. The pin is put through the base end, with the point of the triangle to the left, and the insect on the point with the right wing toward the pin.

ELIZABETH ANTOINETTE WARD.

Pomona College, Claremont, California.

Modern Reading

At the annual meeting of the London Diocesan Church Reading Union, the Bishop of London, who presided, deplored the present habit of reading. He thought the newspapers largely responsible. He said they treated every subject, and all briefly, so that a man got a smattering of information on many subjects, and if he had a good memory he was able to appear as if well informed; he grew conceited, and lost the appreciation of knowledge. He added that there was but one way to read, and that was so as to know thoroughly the subject that attracted your attention. He instanced a friend who spent the time of convalescing after an illness in studying Archbishop Laud, because he found a book that seemingly contradicted his ideas of that dignity. When well again, this student thoroughly knew the period of time covered by the life of the Archbishop. The Bishop said in closing:

If read intelligently, every book prompted the reader to ask more questions than it answered. They would never improve their minds if they were not constantly asking "Why?" All human knowledge had been gained by the impertinence and pig-headedness of a small number of people who were always asking "Why?" They did not want to know what was the eminently respectable thing to say, but what was true. A trained and disciplined mind was necessary in order to know how truth was likely to be found. We English were a sorely undisciplined people. Tell an Englishman he must take trouble to form a right opinion, and he resented the idea as an outrage on his common sense. When we picked up odds and ends of opinion and threw them about the world as external verities, we were guilty of an exceedingly reprehensible action. There was a cultivated form of ignorance far worse than the downright wholesome ignorance which confessed not to knowing. Not to know, and yet to express an opinion, was a sign of the greatest possible folly.



"Won't you try the chicken soup, Judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her boarder, not noticing that he had gone beyond the soup stage in his dinner. "I have tried it, madam," replied the Judge. "The chicken has proved an alibi."—*Truth.*